

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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BIG BEN RINGS THROUGH THE LAND

B.B.C.'s ACHIEVEMENT
Evening Call to Everywhere
from the Heart of the Nation
A CLOCK WITH A CHARACTER

So hour by hour
Be Thou my guide;
That by Thy power
No step may slide.

The Song of Big Ben

The B.B.C. have done something really splendid. They have arranged for the chimes of Big Ben to be broadcast throughout our island, so that the children may hear them at their bedtime and the grown-ups when the day is nearly over.

This is wonderful indeed, and the more we think of it the more glad we are, for Big Ben is one of the few things in London we allow ourselves to be sentimental about.

It is not that he is so huge; the fact that the dial measures seven and a half yards across, so that we can watch the minute hand crawl, really leaves us cold.

The Mellow Voice at Midnight

Big Ben is more than a clock in the Speaker's Tower. He is a personality, a power; he is more than a sound—he is a soul. By day he bids us be faithful, for the night cometh when no man can work. When sunset flames across the sky and floods the Thames with gold he bids us rest. And when midnight falls he lifts up a mellow voice like the blind muezzin in Eastern minarets, saying for all who will hear *God is great*.

This voice on the riverside must needs have moved us for its own sake. Its power is thrice quickened when we remember that its home is the most sacred spot in England, where, for weal or woe, through evil report and good, generation after generation, men strive to make just laws for the land we love.

Listening for the Chimes

Big Ben has friends all over the world, and they will be able to sit at home now and hear him ring the curfew. You can easily pick them out when they are in London. They wait a few minutes to hear the chimes; they look up as if to greet a face they know, and they are not ashamed to smile. When Big Ben was silent during the war it seemed to many of us that a dear friend had gone on a long journey. And when, after all that pain and loss, after so many midnights of horror, he lifted up his voice again, it was not easy to keep a dry eye.

There is a very nice way of saying good-night to Big Ben—something to remember for May or June. You begin your walk at Blackfriars Bridge, where the lines of the training ship try to atone for those of the vessel that swung so long in her place. The summer night is soft and dark, and the starboard lights of the barges twinkle like emeralds on the tide.

Madame Kemal of Constantinople



Kemal Pasha, the President of the Turkish Republic, has been greatly influenced in his public life by his wife. Only twenty years old, Madame Kemal is a great leader of all that is best in the New Turkey. She was educated among happy English girls at Chislehurst, in Kent, and she is bravely introducing reforms for the benefit of Turkish women and children. See page 3

If you keep close to the wall you may have a chance of forgetting those terrible clanging tramcars. The road swings along by the swinging river, and it is patterned more beautifully than hand could devise with the shadow of the planes, now in broadening leaf.

You are not aware how the Embankment winds—it is always a surprise—until presently, as if round the bend of a shore, you see the Speaker's Tower against the dark sky. Very often it is pointed by a tiny gleam, the light which tells us that the House is sitting.

You cannot see that light without a sudden thought that there and now, in the halls below, history is being made, and man is writing his small word in the book of fate.

If you are so minded, you can arrive at Parliament Square a little before the

hour, and you can rest a minute or two by Richard's statue, close by the House of Lords, where there is a couple of yards of raised kerb. You can sit there and have a few words with Coeur de Lion, and ask him what he thinks of it all, and remember what London was like when he went adventuring across the "little land and little water."

When the hour strikes you are standing near the tower—if the air has a western roll—close by Boadicea, across the way. You can count the throbbing waves of sound that spread out and out and are so slow to disperse; and you can go home remembering that people in the quiet green places of England have mysteriously shared your greeting. Big Ben has said his word for you, and for London, and for all our Little Treasure Island.

Pictures on page 3

A LION'S WILD NIGHT

HOW HE ESCAPED FROM
A TRAIN

Extraordinary Adventure in
a Hurricane

MEETING WITH A MOTOR CAR

One of the most sensational of all escapes of wild animals from captivity happened quite recently in the south of France.

A menagerie was being moved at night from Toulon to Nice when a hurricane struck the goods train that was carrying the great lion cages on three open trucks.

One of the cages, confining a fine ten-year-old African lion, which had only belonged to the menagerie for a week, was blown off the truck, and the fall so loosened the bars of the cage that the animal escaped, and bounded, roaring, into the woods.

The Lion Bounds Away

News of the escape was quickly telephoned to the police, and fear fell on all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood for some miles round.

Well it might, for the lion quickly showed that it was not of the tame menagerie kind.

The first man it encountered before the morning was a gardener, a Spaniard, living near the Cuers aerodrome, north of Toulon. He turned to run, but the lion pounced and struck him senseless to the ground with a lacerated side.

Before the fierce creature could maul him again, men from the aerodrome happily appeared, for the lion's roaring had given them a warning, and the beast bounded away. The Spaniard, dangerously torn by the blow, was taken to the hospital.

When morning came and the news went round, parents, of course, could not let their children go to school in danger of meeting a lion round the corner, and the farm animals were collected into the farm buildings.

A Surprise for a Motor Party

The next adventure of the lion at large was a meeting with a charabanc, which was motoring a party of tourists from Hyères. The beast reconnoitred the party, but had second thoughts about attacking them when the chauffeur tooted the horn vigorously.

Again the lion disappeared into the forest, but, seeking a breakfast, attacked a house on the high road. It was driven off by barking dogs and shouting people gathering round with the gendarmes, who, rifle in hand, were now closing in on it. Presently its period of liberty was ended by two well-aimed bullets. It had travelled across country more than 15 miles.

In future, the French authorities will probably make wiser rules for moving wild animals by rail; it seems absurdly reckless to carry them in open trucks.

SOMETHING NEW FOR ENGLAND

A COMMISSION TO KEEP HER BEAUTIFUL?

One or Two Little Things it Might Do at Once in London
CHANCE FOR GREAT ARTISTS

By Our Art Correspondent

Readers of the C.N. will rejoice about the new Fine Arts Commission which has just been formed by the Government; it was, indeed, one of the last acts of Mr. Baldwin's Government.

The work of this body of men will be to keep watch and ward over the beautiful places of England in town and country, and prevent ugliness growing.

The Commission includes four of our best architects—Sir Aston Webb, Sir Reginald Blomfield, Sir Edwin Lutyens, and Mr. Alfred Gotch. There is also Sir George Frampton, the sculptor of Peter Pan, Mr. Cameron, the painter, and Mr. T. H. Mawson of the Town-planning Institute.

The Popping Lights

This is one of the finest things that has happened to England of late. There are so many things for the Commission to think about that we shall await with great interest their first operations. There is a good deal of "spade work" to be done before England can be freed from some of the horrors of vulgarity and hideousness.

We know the men well enough to be sure that "Anything ugly is a sin" will be their motto. But there is so much ugliness in our present civilisation that they must be wondering where to ram in the first spade.

We hope that they will begin digging out one of the most unpleasant forces in our midst—the craving for glitter which has resulted in the "popping lights" of London.

Showiness and True Art

Far more difficult to deal with are the mistakes of committees and monarchs in time past, for a hoarding is more easily pulled down than a building. It will not be easy, for instance, to pull down the Albert Memorial, one of the most lamentable things in London's Outdoor Art Gallery. It is vulgar and ostentatious, and was designed from a point of view of sentiment and showiness rather than the reverence and art which should inspire a great memorial; and the worst of it is that its showiness, to people who have never had time to learn much of the principles governing art, passes for grandeur. And it is set amid the space and light and greenery of the Gardens, which provide an atmospheric effect that passes for charm.

Things Needing Attention

Destructive criticism—that is to say, criticism which merely says "This is wrong; pull it down"—is the easiest thing in the world, and is the only form of criticism known to nine-tenths of the community. A constructive criticism—one that builds up as well as pulls down—is far rarer, and is the only basis of a healthy dispute.

Therefore we should say to our Commission: "The Albert Memorial is wrong; pull it down. And the Belgian Memorial on the Embankment, the Quadriga on the arch at Hyde Park Corner, are right; let us have more like them."

We should also like to suggest that the Fine Arts Commission turn their attention to the impertinent wall that runs up to the western towers of Westminster Abbey and spoils the work of Sir Christopher Wren for the sake of a passage for somebody. It seems to be quite unnecessary, and should be pulled down. Also, the gaping red chasm of the unfinished Central Hall should be seen to. And we should like to know how long that pedestal in Trafalgar Square is going to be empty (as if we had no heroes), and how long the fountains in

AN OLD MAN'S HOME

HALF A CENTURY IN PRISON

Ten Years Captive for Every Year of Freedom

ONE OF SOCIETY'S PROBLEMS

By a Magistrate

There has just been before the magistrates in London an old man, first sentenced to imprisonment when he was 16, who has spent fifty years of his life in prison. He has been free only for five years out of the 55 years since he first entered a prison.

Only those who are brought into frequent contact with criminals realise that there is a quite considerable class of men to whom prison is their natural home. Their habits are shaped by prison life. Until recent years imprisonment for wrong-doing was a kind of tit for tat, designed to punish an offender by giving him an uncomfortable time in return for his selfish seizure of other people's property.

Imprisonment that Fails

Experience shows that that use of punishment is utterly wrong. Nothing good can come from treating imprisonment as society's revenge for damage done to it. It is profoundly impractical and costly. A very large percentage of thieves do not offend again if they are kept out of prison on the first offence and given another chance. A large percentage of those who are sent to prison early lose their self-respect and hope. When they come out they do not easily fit into the ordinary industrious life of honesty, but they have learned how to fit into the routine life of prison.

The extreme form of this sad dislocation from ordinary life is seen in such cases as that of the man just mentioned, who spent nearly ten years in prison for every year of free life as a grown-up.

The Right Use of Prison

How can this terrible habit of regarding prison as a home be broken? That is a serious question which has been engaging the attention of humane guardians of society in recent years, and every intelligent citizen should understand its difficulties.

The aim of wise magistrates is first to refrain from sending anyone to prison so long as it is possible to keep them out; and to train them in prison for useful work outside when they are released, so that they may merge naturally into the honest population.

These methods have greatly reduced the number of what have been called professional "gaol-birds;" but, as we see, some of the older men still remain with prison as their bare and lonely haven of rest.

Continued from the previous column

front of Buckingham Palace are to be left unflowing (as if we had no water).

One of the duties of the new Commission will be, we hope, to preserve for the nation certain objects connected with our ancient history and traditions. One such has been in our thoughts for some time. It is the door of a discarded office of the Port of London Authority in Crutched Friars, just behind Tower Hill.

This office is on the site of the monastery of the Crutched Friars, and it has a most beautiful door with a frieze of monks carved above it. The Port of London Authority have put up one of the finest buildings in our generation, and, having such excellent judgment, they will, perhaps, of their own accord send the carved panel down to the British Museum.

To labour on a public body is a thankless task because one can never please everybody; but, whatever direction it takes, we shall watch the work of the Fine Arts Commission with interest, if only because it means that the Government realises at last that there is such a thing as art.

THE BUMBLE-BEE DRUMMER

End of an Old Fable

WHY THE WORKER BEE FLAPS HIS WINGS

By Our South Kensington Correspondent

This story was started nearly 250 years ago by the Dutch painter Goedart.

He had long occupied his leisure in studying the habits of insects, and eventually published an account of his observations. The members of a bumble-bee colony, he said, had among them one which, at about seven o'clock each morning, mounted to the top of the nest and called its companions to work by rapidly vibrating its wings, the sound being similar to that made by beating a drum.

For years after that first one naturalist would arise and confirm the painter's observation, then another would come along and deny it. However, towards the end of last century, after the story had been looked upon as a fable for many years, an Austrian naturalist came forward and declared that Goedart was right—there are drummers, he said; and, moreover, if the drummer were removed another took its place. But the time when they mounted the nest varied greatly.

Driving Out the Bad Air

At last, after all these years of an old, old story, Mr. O. E. Platt, of Boston University, has collected a number of bumble-bee nests and investigated the matter. He has found that the so-called drummers play the same part as the "ventilators" in a honey-bee colony; they are driving out bad air.

To prove this Mr. Platt placed a number of nests in windows facing south, where they got the sun, and others in windows facing north, and the result was that, as the sun was pouring down on the nests in the south windows, one or more workers would mount to the top of the nest and fan furiously. Sometimes as many as a dozen fanning workers would appear and only cease as the sun receded; but seldom was a worker ever found fanning the nests at the north windows, though most of these nests had larger colonies than the others.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

There are now nearly 17,000 amateur wireless transmitting stations in the United States.

In some parts of America bags containing grain are now being treated to make them weevil-proof.

Eighty Years in One House

Mr. G. T. King, who has just died at Drayton, Buckinghamshire, aged eighty, lived in the same farmhouse all his life.

Pocket Microscope

A pocket microscope on sale in America is only four inches long and weighs less than a pound, but it will magnify 225 diameters.

Over a Million Lost

It is estimated that the losses of the four great railway groups through the recent strike amounted to about a million and a quarter pounds.

Six-wheeled Motor Bus

A six-wheel single-deck bus has appeared in London. It carries 50 passengers, and with an upper deck could be made to carry 100.

Frightening the Birds

American fruit-growers are now using mirrors hung on their trees as scare-crows. The reflection of the sunlight flashes about and frightens the birds.

Motor Brakes

Motor-car manufacturers everywhere are now largely adopting the four-wheel braking system. It is said to be safer than braking the rear wheels only.

Eight Ounces of Grass

In 1909 an eight-ounce packet of Sudan grass was sent to America from Khartum, and a forage crop valued at two million pounds has now been produced from it in the West.

WHERE THEY SIT IN PARLIAMENT

SEATING PLANS FOR THE NEW HOUSE

Three Parties in a Chamber Built for Two

WHAT WILL HAPPEN?

By Our Political Correspondent

What does the House of Commons look like now that the new Labour Government has taken its place on the Treasury Bench and the three political parties have rearranged themselves accordingly in a chamber which, like the bicycle, was only "built for two"?

In any case the House of Commons is not nearly big enough to hold all the members, and the seating arrangements have always been difficult.

It is customary for supporters of the Government to occupy the benches on the Speaker's right and for their opponents to sit facing them on the Speaker's left.

Almost half the length of the floor between them is occupied by the table, on which rests the Mace, and at which sit the Clerks of the House, in front of the Speaker's chair. Against this table Ministers and Opposition leaders gracefully recline when addressing the House from the Treasury Bench or the Front Opposition Bench, and the brass-bound dispatch boxes on the table make a convenient desk for their notes.

Above the Gangway

The benches on either side are divided by a gangway, and in two-party days the Government's strongest supporters sat behind the Government "above the gangway," while their more independent and critical supporters preferred to sit "below the gangway;" and a similar distinction obtained among supporters of the Opposition on the other side.

But see how all these arrangements are upset when there are not two parties, but three.

The Labour Party, in their early days, sat below the gangway on the Liberal side; but in the last Parliament, when they outnumbered the Liberals for the first time, they took possession of the seats above the gangway on the Opposition side, and the Liberals had to sit below it—except that Mr. Asquith and his immediate lieutenants maintained a precarious hold at the lower end of the Front Opposition Bench opposite the dispatch boxes.

The Treasury Bench

But now Labour has formed a Government, and its leaders occupy the Treasury Bench, with their party on the benches behind them. The Conservatives, still the largest single party in the House, have the whole Opposition side to themselves. The Liberals occupy the seats below the gangway on the Government side, and the Front Bench in this quarter now takes rank with the front benches on either side of the table as the official seat of the leaders of a party.

But this Front Bench has no table, and Mr. Asquith, who has been on one side of the table or the other for 32 years, will feel like a fish out of water. But he still has the privilege belonging to all ex-ministers of marching up to the Opposition dispatch box when he wants to speak. It will be interesting to see whether he makes a habit of doing so or settles down into speaking from his new seat.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Bartolozzi	Bar-to-loht-se
Chamonix	Shah-mo-ne
Los Angeles	Loss An-jel-ess
Mira	Mi-rah
Pisces	Pis-seez
Roanoke	Ro-ah-nohk
Segura	Sa-goo-rah
Tanganyika	Tahn-gahn-ve-kah

JULIUS CAESAR'S DAY

HIS CLEVER IDEA FOR LEAP YEAR

Why February Has Twenty Nine Days This Year

FITTING THE CALENDAR TO THE SUN

Next Friday is the day that comes round only 24 times in a century, February 29.

Why is there an extra day this year? The reason for this dates back a long time, and has to do with the fixing of the calendar and the attempt to measure the passing of time by the Sun.

The first rough attempt at this was made by the ancient Egyptians, who gave the year 360 days, divided into 12 equal months of 30 days. As this year was too short to keep the seasons in their right places five more days were added, and a year of 365 days established, the nearest approach to accuracy possible in round numbers.

Racing the Sun

But, as a matter of fact, the year is more nearly 365 and a quarter days, and so it happened that every four years the clock of time was a whole day in advance of the Sun. Now, with a long series of years of only 365 days each, the seasons, as marked by the Sun, would become later and later compared with the calendar. In 120 years they would be a month later, and in 1460 years would have returned to the beginning.

Such a calendar, not tallying with the seasons, was exceedingly inconvenient in many ways, and various attempts were made to bring the calendar into line. But it was left for Julius Caesar to put an end to the confusion and to establish the system of recording time which has come down to us, and is called, after its founder, the Julian Calendar.

Ten Days Behind

The difficulty was to add a quarter of a day every year. Caesar hit on the splendid idea of keeping the ordinary year at 365 days, and allowing the quarters to accumulate till there was a whole day, and then adding this to every fourth year. That is the origin of leap year.

It was a clever idea, and things went well for a time. But the real year is not exactly 365 and a quarter days, but slightly less—365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 49.54 seconds (or 11 minutes 10.46 seconds less than the 365½). The Julian year was therefore wrong by about the 129th part of a day, which means a whole day in every 129 years; and by the fifteenth century the calendar was wrong again by ten days. This time the real seasons were not later, but earlier by ten days.

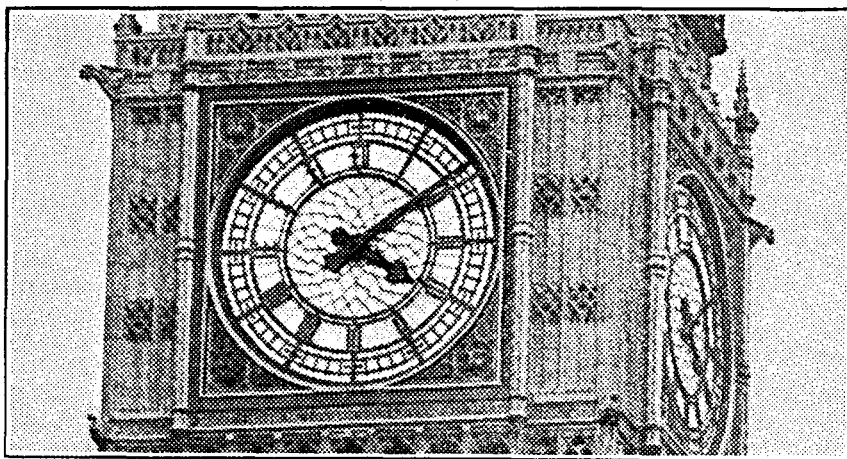
A Great Reform

To put this right, and to bring their festivals to the right periods, the authorities of the Roman Church decided to drop ten days and call March 11, 1582, March 21. That set right the accumulated error of the past, and to keep the calendar right in future they decided that, as one day added every fourth year was a little too much, once a century leap year should be dropped, and all the years ending with two noughts (1700, 1800, 1900, and so on) should be ordinary years of 365 days. This, however, gives a little error on the other side, and so, to be absolutely accurate, the years with three noughts, 2000, and so on, are to be leap years.

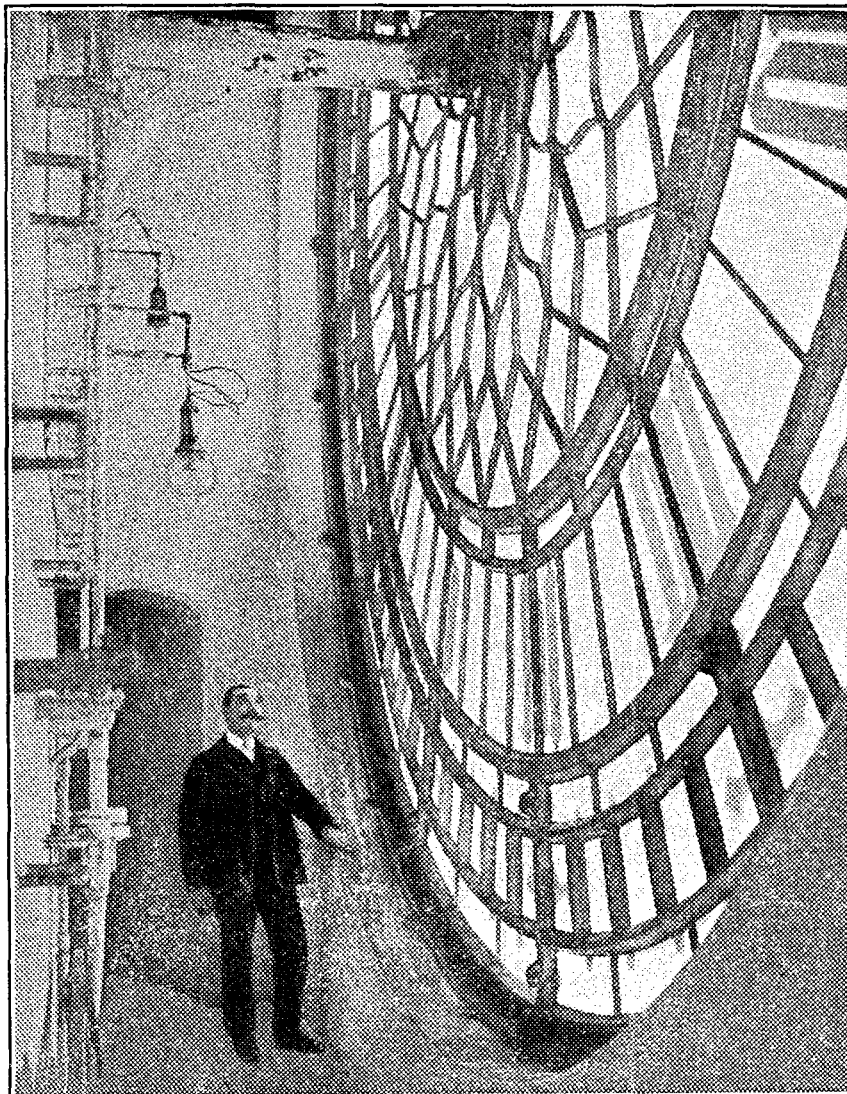
We see how extremely difficult it is to fit our clocks and calendars to the march of Time; and we must admit that it has all been very cleverly done.

The last change is known historically as the adoption of the Gregorian Reform, after the Pope Gregory, who had it done. England did not adopt the reform till 1752, when the calendar was 11 days wrong, and the people started an agitation for the "lost eleven days."

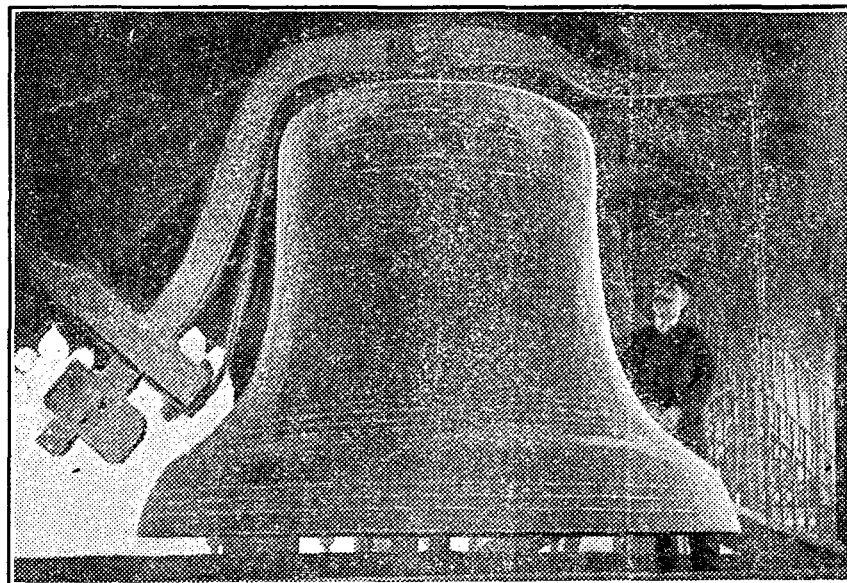
THE ALL-ENGLAND CLOCK



The Face of Big Ben



Inside the face of the giant clock



Big Ben, the bell on which the hours are sounded

The chiming of Big Ben is to be broadcast by wireless every day, so that all England may hear the boom that has so long been familiar to Londoners alone. Big Ben, the world's most famous clock, will thus be within sound of every boy and girl in the land

LATIFA HANUM

KENT SCHOOLGIRL'S POWER IN THE EAST

Madame Kemal's Ideas for the New Turkey

FIRST LADY OF THE REPUBLIC

One of the finest things in the history of the world is happening just now, and it began quietly, some years ago, when a Turkish girl, Latifa Hanum, was at school at Chislehurst, in Kent.

Latifa is the daughter of a rich merchant in Smyrna, and she has lately become the wife of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the President of the new Turkish Republic.

Latifa is only twenty, and a splendid life of service is before her. She is determined to spare no pains in leading the new women's movement in Turkey. She could not, after living with free, happy English girls in Kent and modern French girls in Paris, go back to the mode of existence prescribed for women from time immemorial in the East.

Girls with No Girlhood

It was quite usual for a Turkish girl to be married at nine or ten—that is to say, she was handed over, with a sum of money as dowry, to some man generally unknown to her. She had thus no girlhood. She became simply an inmate of her husband's house. She dared not be seen by a stranger unveiled. If she did not please her husband, he could give her back again, with her dowry. Whatever happened she could not divorce him.

All this has become intolerable to Turkish girls who have been educated. Already numbers of them go unveiled, like Latifa, and are brave in the face of the contempt that is so easily thrown at them. They are revolting against the right of the Turk to have more than one wife; they are revolting against child-marriage. And—a terrible blow this to Turkish ideas—they are insisting that the wife, as well as the husband, shall have the right to say "I am not pleased."

Rights of the Family

People in England are reading this with amazement and delight. No English girl, growing up and thinking of being married some day, can consider the Turkish girl's share of marriage without a shudder. Many a girl who has just left school and is beginning to face life seriously would like to have been at that meeting of 400 educated Turkish women in Constantinople the other day, when they spoke openly of their rights.

One of them was a novelist, Madame Halide Edib, and she has headed the committee of women who are to have something to say to the Family Rights Bill coming before the Turkish Assembly.

Great days are in store for Turkish girls who can be brave, and uphold their ideals. And Madame Kemal will lead them forward if, by the grace of God, she and her husband may be spared the sudden and dreadful death that is so easily the portion of the reformer in the East. Already attacks have been made on Mustapha Kemal, who stands for Western ideas and freedom in Turkey, and Latifa, the first lady of the Republic, has not escaped.

Fearless Women

But Latifa and her friends are fearless. She says, "We have espoused the cause of freedom, and no nation can claim freedom while enslaving its women."

Education is the spark that has struck this tinder—learning to speak other languages, reading books by men who have thought and struggled, through thought, to the right way of government for any people. We have really only just begun to educate ourselves, so that we cannot afford to point too much to Turkey.

But we shall watch with sympathy and hope; and across Europe we cry God-speed to the girl who lived under happy Kent skies and longed to be like English girls. *Picture on page One*

THE MIRACLE MAN OF THE GARDEN

CAN AMERICA AFFORD £5000 FOR HIM?

What Luther Burbank Has Done with Plants

TAKING NATURE BY THE HAND

It has been estimated that in a single year, as the result of the work of Luther Burbank, the plant wizard of America, the world produces over 1820 million pounds more of cereals, fruits, and vegetables than it would have done without him.

Of such enormous value has his work been to the United States, and to the world at large, that it was some time ago decided to erect a statue to him in the Burbank Memorial Park at Santa Rosa, California, where Mr. Burbank has carried out most of his experiments.

One Man's Wonderful Work

But, although the statue is to cost only £5000, the greatest difficulty is being experienced in raising the amount. All round Santa Rosa, and throughout California and other States, are hundreds of planters and farmers who have grown rich out of the work done by Luther Burbank, and thousands of labourers owe the good and regular wages they earn to his labours in producing new and useful plants.

It has been said that the United States owes more of her material wealth to Luther Burbank than to any other single man who has ever lived in America; and this is probably no exaggeration, for, in addition to the amazing things he has done himself, he has shown the way to a whole army of scientists and plant breeders, who follow in his steps and imitate his methods.

Moulding the World

Never was there such a man. Nothing seems impossible to him, and his command over the plant world is almost uncanny. Of course, he has a kind of instinct enabling him to select from millions of plants exactly those he requires for his purpose; but, in addition to this great gift, he has an infinite patience and an unflagging industry. Nothing causes him to despair, and if a hundred thousand plants fail to give him what he seeks he plants still more.

The world, he is never tired of saying, is ours to mould by helping the hand of Nature, and for fifty years, quietly and persistently, he has been moulding the plant world to make it yield more food and better food for the use of mankind.

He took the spiny cactus and bred from it a luscious plant without any spines, which would provide abundant food for man and beast in dry regions where no other food-plant would grow.

Little Sunflower with a Big Head

He took the tall sunflower, with its head of small seeds, and reared a sunflower which would grow on a short stalk near the ground, with a mighty head two feet across, full of big seeds, which hens could harvest for themselves. He took the common artichoke and reared from it a plant which would produce a blossom 14 inches across, and yield a meal for a whole family.

A firm of pea packers asked him for a pea which would produce abundantly and ripen uniformly over a large acreage, and in six years he gave them what they wanted. Last year six million cans of this new pea were packed and sold.

He has produced blackberries without thorns, plums without stones, nuts with little or hardly any shells, potatoes which form above ground, and potatoes which produce tomatoes on their stems. As he says, he is undecided whether the joke is on the potato or the tomato.

These are only a few of the thousand wonderful things Luther Burbank has

THE LITTLE BLIND SINGERS

HOW THEY GOT THEIR WIRELESS SET

A Happy Night at the Birmingham Station

BRIGHTENING UP THE WORLD

By Our Birmingham Correspondent

The Birmingham Broadcasting Station will not soon forget a night not long ago, when the station sheltered the spirit of something far deeper, far happier, than the brightest of the entertainments that have been transmitted from there.

For on this night the station was filled with children who, after singing over the wireless, gave, with a big united shout of "Good-night, Uncles and Aunts," the jolliest farewell ever offered to the station staff—called out as their faltering steps were being directed to the studio door and down the steps.

These little ones had to be led because they were blind. But they were perfectly happy, for Uncle Edgar—the Birmingham station director—had just given them a beautiful four-valve receiving set to be installed at their home, the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind, where 110 blind children live.

A Splendid Gift

The set was a gift from thousands of children, living in towns and villages all over the Midlands, who wear the badges of membership in the Birmingham station's Radio Circle; and it was paid for from the profits received from the sale of those badges. Was it not a delightful idea?

Yet that was only part of the goodwill that went with the gift, for the wireless set had been designed and assembled in spare time by the engineering staff, and the additional accessories represented the generosity of various wireless firms. It is a finely-made set, and will enable the blind children to pick up all the British and Continental broadcasting stations.

The children showed their gratitude by singing from the studio to their innumerable friends. They sang "The Wild Brown Bee" so tenderly that one of the engineers confessed that he was on the point of tears.

The C.N. sends its greeting to the children of the Royal Institution and to the children of the Radio Circle, and to the director and engineers of the Birmingham Station. Broadcasting has come into our lives, and it is a lovely thing to have it cheering up the world and lifting up the hearts of those who are bowed down.

Continued from the previous column

done for the benefit of humanity, without a thought of his own gain. While piling up millions for others he has made little more than a livelihood for himself. The potato which bears his name, and has resulted in millions of money being put into the pockets of growers and dealers, has brought Luther Burbank in half a century exactly £30.

We hope America will give him his statue—and something more. It is a queer example of the topsy-turvydom of the world that, while the inventor who can patent his idea might make a fortune out of it, Luther Burbank's ideas cannot be protected, and he makes nothing. It is queer, too, that while a ridiculous pugilist may win £10,000 by allowing himself to be hit on the nose by another pugilist, Luther Burbank works for a lifetime, gives millions of money to mankind, and earns just enough for himself to live simply and comfortably. It makes us thankful that happiness does not depend on money.

THE LAST LONG TREK

How the Elephants Die
THE DEATH-CRY BY THE
PIT IN THE FOREST

It is often said in this country that no one ever sees a dead donkey.

Mr. J. G. Dallison, of Lagos, in Nigeria, now tells us that no white man in South Africa ever sees a dead elephant—that is to say, an elephant which has died a natural death.

How, then, does an elephant die? Mr. Dallison answers this question in a most romantic and dramatic way. He tells us that when an African elephant feels the pangs of old age stealing across the vast energy of which he has been master for so many years, he moves away from the herd, snuffs the air, and then, with solitary determination, makes his way slowly and sorrowfully to the appointed place of death.

The journey before him may take a month or a year, "but in majestic solitude the way is plodded, unerringly the path is trod." Instinct guides him to the immemorial sepulchre of his race.

Somewhere near the neighbourhood of Lake Victoria Nyanza, it is believed, lies this amazing sepulchre, the goal of the dying elephant. It is a vast pit filled with blackness, into which for thousands of years dying elephants have cast themselves with the last remnants of their ebbing strength.

The Leap into the Pit

Arrived at this pit, we are told, the monarch of the African forest raises his trunk high into the air, pauses on the brink, snorts defiantly, and then hurls himself over the edge. His last death-cry, Mr. Dallison says, vibrates through the impenetrable forest, and lions, hearing that mighty cry, slink away into greater darkness, while the smaller animals crouch as if in reverence of the death of something great and splendid.

If this story from Lagos be founded on truth, it is at once a telling example of the wonders of instinct and a most touching instance of the pathos of death.

EGYPT HAS A NEW FLAG

A Correction for the C.N. Plate

The new Government of Egypt has adopted a new national flag.

A week or two after the C.N. colour plate of the flags of all nations had gone to press, the red flag with three crescent moons and three stars which appeared there was discarded, and a new flag, consisting of three white stars within a white crescent on a green background, became the national flag of Egypt.

A black and white representation of the flag is given on this page, drawn from the official design lent for the purpose to the C.N. by the Egyptian Government Offices in London.

The Consul-General of the Republic of San Marino writes calling our attention to an error in the flag of the Republic as we gave it. The colours should be reversed, the white being at the top and the blue beneath, and the coat-of-arms should occupy less space—only about half the depth and one-third the width. The proportions of the flag should be in the ratio of six wide by four and a quarter deep.

San Marino is a small country, but we are very glad to be able to set this matter right, with our compliments to the Consul-General.

MILLIONS FROM MOTORS

Last year over a million motor licences were taken out in Great Britain, and the amount produced by these was £13,313,334. The 1,066,000 licences included 383,000 for cars, 391,000 for cycles, 181,000 for goods vehicles, and 78,000 for hackney vehicles.

LENIN'S SUCCESSOR

Alexis Rykoff Dictator of Russia

SAVING THE REPUBLIC FROM SHIPWRECK

The appointment of Alexis Rykoff as the successor of Lenin in Russia is thought by those who should know to be of good promise for the future of Russia and of Europe. It marks a defeat for the most extreme Bolsheviks.

Russians have gone completely outside the Big Three who took power when Lenin fell ill for the man to succeed him now he is dead—a way of settling the rivalries of ambitious men not unfamiliar to history.

Though a supporter of the Bolshevik gospel, Rykoff is less interested in theory than in practice. He was the first to proclaim the failure in Russia of pure Communism, and he has been a steady supporter of those modifications which have allowed a limited return to private trading, and have so saved the republic from final shipwreck.

Rykoff is an able administrator, and is credited with the chief responsibility for that reorganisation of Russian industry which has changed the face of the country so marvellously during the past two or three years.

He is all for the development of international trade—a material and spiritual good which we in England wish for, too.

GANDHI

India's Rebel Set Free

The Government of Bombay, with the approval of the Viceroy of India, has decided to release Mr. Gandhi, sentenced to six years' imprisonment nearly two years ago.

The doctors had reported that his health required a long stay at the seaside, and it was decided that it was best to set him free.

Mr. Gandhi is a man of saintly personal character, deeply venerated by his fellow countrymen, and he is certainly a good Indian. But equally certain is it that his political advice has hindered India's steady advance along the road to self-government which we all wish to see her tread.

His release at this critical juncture is a courageous act and will, we hope, bear good fruit. India is at the parting of the ways. Home Rule is in almost universal demand, but there are Home Rulers who would seek their end by using well the freedom they already have, and others who would gain it by deliberately causing a breakdown of all government.

Each is striving to convert the other: to their own methods, and no one can tell which will win. A word of friendliness at this moment from Mr. Gandhi would be a priceless boon to India.

400 PEOPLE ON A PIECE OF ICE

Drifting to Sea

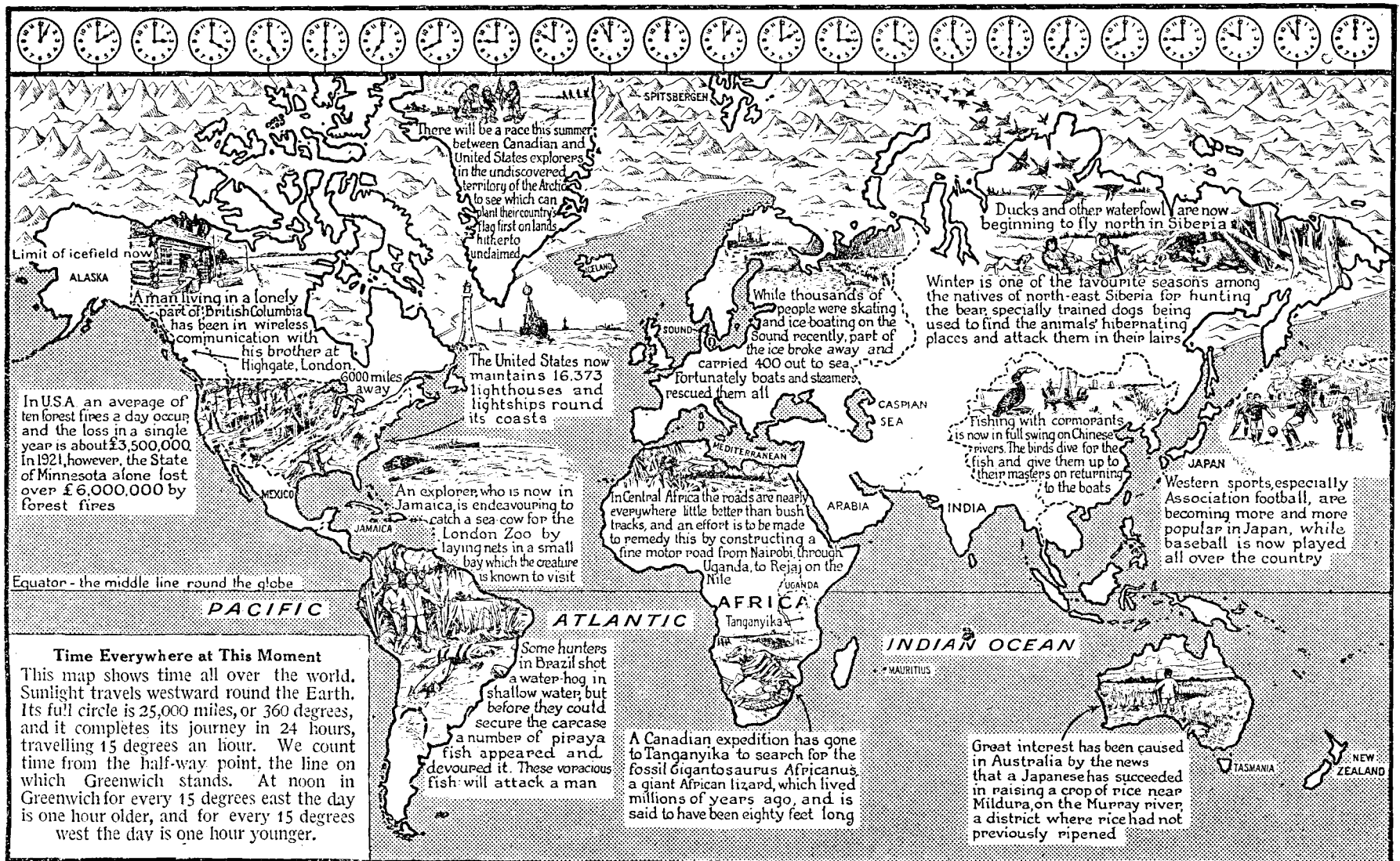
Not long ago the Sound was frozen over outside Copenhagen, and thousands of people flocked there to skate.

Then there came a sudden crack, and a large patch of ice detached itself from the rest and floated out seaward with 400 people on it.

In the Arctic seas drifting on a moving ice-field is an ordinary occurrence, accepted without alarm; but 400 people helpless on a comparatively small ice-field which is making its way towards less chilly seas is a more serious problem.

However, Copenhagen responded successfully to the call for help. Gradually steamers and boats took up the too-adventurous skaters without any loss of life. But it took six hours to do it, and we may be sure that more precautions will be used in the future when acres of ice show signs of breaking away from the main field and voyaging on their own account. See World Map

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



EXIT VENIZELOS

A Country with No Leaders

There will be general regret that M. Venizelos has been compelled by continued ill-health to resign the Premiership of Greece.

He is the only known man capable of leadership that the modern Greek race has produced; if there are others they are not known to the world. Again and again he has helped his country when it was floundering in confusion. Now his help is sorely needed to weld the Greek race into unity.

His last visit to Athens has not found his countrymen ready to give up their estranging quarrels, and the task of peacemaker, which he was asked unanimously to undertake, has not been made easy for him. Indeed, the heart-failure which is driving him from public life began in the midst of a violent scene in the National Assembly.

The Greeks seem much too unsteady and too excitable to learn the ways of peace. Venizelos has done his best for them in a spirit of self-sacrificing devotion, and the world is glad to know there is one Greek whom it can honestly respect; but the Greeks are difficult to lead and must learn many lessons before the world will respect them as a great nation.

FRENCH-SPEAKING SWITZERLAND

A Wrong Impression

We are sorry to have conveyed a wrong impression in a reference, in a recent number of the C.N., to the French-speaking part of Switzerland. The French-speaking Swiss were referred to as French, which they are not.

French, German, and Italian are spoken in different parts of Switzerland, but the people who speak these languages are not French or German or Italian, but all are patriotic Swiss, though they use, through proximity to other countries, the language of those countries in daily life.

DUEL IN RICHMOND PARK

Warriors Lost in the Lake

A great duel has been fought in Richmond Park, near London, and both the warriors have lost their lives.

The challenger was a young and powerful descendant of a warrior race that lived in England in the time of the Conqueror, and the challenge was accepted by another champion scarcely less strong and fearless. The duellists were two powerful fallow bucks, and they fought for the favours of a doe.

It was a terrible fight. The animals rushed at one another in fury, stamping and snorting, and antler crashed against antler and fell mercilessly on flank and neck till both duellists were covered with blood and foam.

One was more powerful or more skilful than his opponent, and forced him back and back toward the lake, where the fight was continued furiously in the water until it was churned into muddy foam.

Then they sprang apart and once more charged, heads down, until their antlers were locked in a fatal embrace. They staggered and fell, the waters closed over them, and only a projecting flank marked their watery grave.

AFRICA'S NEW ROAD

A 600-Mile Motor-Way

A motor company is planning a new road, 640 miles long, between Kenya and Rejaf, on the Upper Nile.

The Cape to Cairo Railway swerves away from the great lakes and the line of the Nile to the westward, to tap the rich regions of Belgian Congoland before reaching Rejaf. The new road will pass from Kenya through Uganda on the eastern side of the Nile, and when it is ready for motor traffic it will bring Nairobi, the capital of Kenya, within a four days' motor run of Rejaf and the Nile waterway.

Thus the Kenya highlands will have free access to the northward route.

WATERLOO BRIDGE SURPRISE

Stalactites a Century Old

Those who, night and morning, pass over Waterloo Bridge on their way to home or work will be interested to hear that below the obstruction which the London County Council engineers have lately been obliged to set up there are signs of one of Nature's processes even slower than the traffic across the bridge.

In the inner chamber of the structure of the bridge the engineers found stalactites—stalactites similar in formation to those in the caverns of Derbyshire or the salt mines of Galicia, which are among the sights of the world. The stalactites of Waterloo Bridge will never become one of London's sights, for they are not large enough or important enough for that; but they have been caused, as some other famous ones have, by the drip-drip of water with lime or some similar ingredient in it, from above. They must be nearly as old as the bridge, built more than a century ago.

GIBRALTAR CHANGES ITS FACE

The Hour After the Storm

During one of the late winter storms Gibraltar changed the face which every traveller by sea to the Mediterranean knows well.

Usually it rises grim and dark, a somewhat sullen guardian of the short way to the East. That idea is deepened by the knowledge of its grim strength in concealed guns.

But a violent hail-storm passed by and left the frowning rock as it has not been seen for half a century past. It shone above the wreckage left in the street by the storm, white and glistening for a while, as if draped in snow—an astonishing change which young Gibraltar will long remember.

THREE FINE FELLOWS

How They Rescued a Dog from a Pit

THE BOY WHO GAVE HIS LUNCH

The C.N. offers its congratulations to Robert Clement, aged 14, John Young, aged 12, and Hugh Brogan, aged 19, who rescued a shepherd's dog from an old dross pit adjoining Dalmellington Iron Works, in Ayrshire.

How the dog got into the pit is not known. It had been lost three weeks when the boys Clement and Young heard it whining in the 30-foot deep pit. More than a week earlier the whining had been heard but not traced.

The two boys, however, did trace it, and tried to rescue the dog with a rope. Having fastened one end of the rope to an iron support at the top of the pit, Clement tried to go down the rope, but after he had gone about twelve feet he felt he would not be able to get down and back, and so struggled to the top.

Happily, Hugh Brogan was coming along to work, and the boys appealed to him. First he threw his lunch down to the hungry dog. Then he went down the rope to where the dog was, and fastened the rope round behind its fore-legs; and the two younger boys hauled the grateful dog to the top. Then they lowered the rope again and Brogan climbed up it.

Everyone will agree that all three well deserve the medal of the National Canine Defence League, which has been awarded to them.

A TREE WORTH £100 A YEAR

Texas boasts of a wonderful pecan tree, which yields £100 worth of nuts every year. It is over seven feet across at the base, over 100 feet high, and has a tremendous spread of limbs. A hundred gallons of chemicals are required to spray its branches properly.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 23 1924

What Shall We Do With It?

This is Leap Year. February has 29 days and the year has 366.

THERE is an extra day for us all this year. It comes this week. What shall we do with it?

If we were told that we had just another day to call our own, how should we wish to spend it? Should we not fill every minute of it with kindness? Would not every stroke of work we did be done at our very best? Would not every word we said be helpful? Would not every thought we had for others be like a prayer of hope or thankfulness?

It is one of the glorious things about Life that there are always opportunities for being good, or brave, or kind. The world has never seen a nation all of one mind, all wanting to do right; but when it does the world will see such wonders as can hardly be imagined by the minds of men. We can use this day to help to bring it true.

If we are usually gloomy sort of people we can go gaily through the world next Friday, laughing at whatever trouble comes, nodding with a smile to those we usually pass scornfully by. It will be a good beginning to sing in your bath or after your prayers—or at your prayers, for God loves joyful people.

If we are usually cheerful people we can ask ourselves if we are doing enough to make other people cheerful, too.

If we have more than we want in this world we might give a little more away; if we have less than we need we might try our hardest to deserve a little more.

We should like to see a February 29 stand out in history, this day that comes to us every four years. If we were the Prime Minister we would see that on this day there was lit such a lamp as should not go out. If we were the President of America we would see that a great word of good hope went to the League of Nations, thrilling through the hearts of all mankind. If we were President Poincaré we would say something reasonable that should be a new beginning for the broken-hearted nations of Europe. If we were the German nation we would come before the world and once for all bow in penitence for a great wrong done to men. If we were the genius that guides the editors of our great papers we would take care that on this day no word of ignorance or ill-will was printed in our columns.

To all who see next Friday dawn we send our greeting, and pray that we may live, with them, so that mankind is nobler for this day, a little farther off from all the ruin of the world, a little farther on the way that lies through Galilee.

A. M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Poland Shows the Way

WE were talking to the Guide Commissioner for Poland, complaining that Poland keeps an army bigger than the British Empire's, and asking why she sowed the seeds of hate?

The Guide Commissioner was half angry and half sad. "She doesn't," came the answer; "and, what is more, I will tell you this—that, though in Poland we have been oppressed so long, though our country has been so long cut into bits, there is no word in Polish for your word Hate."

It seems to us that, after all, the great nations may learn something from Poland. No word for Hate! If we could strike it out of our dictionaries, if we could blot it out of our own hearts, how near to Paradise this world might be!

Born in a Basket?

THE emigration officials at Ellis Island will be very interested in a story we came across the other day in a life of old Parson Barnes, the Dorset poet. This is it:

W: Are you Italian or English?

G: I am English.

W: But you were born in Italy.

G: Hee, hee! Well, if I were born in a basket I should not be a kitten.

It seems to put the thing excellently, though people will argue till the end of time about such points as this.

The Peace Office

IT seems to be generally expected that many old things will be changed during the next few years. One of the things the C.N. would like changed is the name of the War Office.

It is bad to have a Minister for War. It is bad to have a great Government Department run on the idea that its business is to be prepared for war and manage war.

It is good to have a Minister for Defence, but it is better still to have a Minister for Peace, and we should like to see the new Government take down the name over the door of the four-domed building in Whitehall and put up a new name in its place. We should like to see it called the Peace Office.

A Chance for Nottingham

LOOKING round at our monuments we have missed one to our very great regret. We know of no monument to General Booth in England.

It must soon be nearly two generations since that valiant man of God stood on the kerbstone at Nottingham and began the work of the Salvation Army. Would it not be possible for that great town to honour itself by setting up a monument of the General in the street where he began his work? Many good things have come out of Nottingham, but when its story is told there will probably be no nobler thing to say of it than that it gave to the world the seed that grew into happiness for a mighty multitude of the poor all over the world.

Topsy-Turvy

WE have just come across this interesting passage in a book:

Nothing is more useful than water; but it will purchase scarce anything. A diamond, on the contrary, has scarce any value in use; but very great quantity of other goods may frequently be had in exchange for it.

Could anything better illustrate the topsy-turvydom of human life?

Tip-Cat

THE organs of our bodies, we are told, work without wages. They get nothing but their board and lodging.

AMERICA has turned out a thousand million safety-pins. Yet the world is still falling to pieces.

TALKING pictures, writes an enthusiast, will be the next invention. Apparently he has not seen a speaking likeness.

EVERYBODY writes poetry now and nobody reads it, we are told.



PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW

What a friar fries

Then even the poets must be writing it with their eyes shut.

A CORRESPONDENT asks why fat men grow rich. They don't. It is rich men who grow fat.

FEAR is responsible for many bad habits. And bad habits are responsible for some fear.

An electric piano has been invented which turns on

different coloured lights. Better for some players than the one that makes a noise.

An observer remarks that dogs run after anything that runs away. If it doesn't, they can't.

THE Scottish people, we are told, have remarkable penetration. It does not follow that they are bores.

A Queer Story

COULD there ever be a more perplexing world than this? Here is a story that comes to us.

A quarter of a century ago a man invented a famous engine which was a great success. It seems to be on half the ships at sea. The inventor of the engine threw himself overboard and was drowned. The company which was formed to make the engine managed things badly and went bankrupt, and a public official was put in charge to wind it up. The winding-up has just been finished, and the people who put good sovereigns into it when sovereigns were sovereigns indeed have in a dozen years or so collected a few poor shillings for each pure sovereign.

Success, tragedy, bankruptcy, a few shillings in the pound through twenty years of winding-up, and still the engine is running merrily, a very great success. It is queer, very queer.

Fine Weather

By Harold Begbie

ONE day with snow the sky is bowed,

Then raining cats and dogs,
Then up the wind comes shrieking loud,

And then we're drowned in fogs;
But let the Sun one moment shine
And all the birds declare it's fine.

ONE beam's enough to make them sing,

They sing from bush and tree,
Their little hearts declare that Spring

Is sure to cross the sea;
And they believe, and so defy
The cheats and humbugs of the sky.

The Girl in the Town

By Our Country Girl

SHE is almost my oldest friend, though we have only met twice, for I live in the green country and she in the black town.

But we have written regularly since we were both little children, and we know all about each other's affairs.

Her father came to London to find work, but in vain. Two years of unemployment drove him out of his mind, and he died in an asylum. The mother has worn herself out doing the hard work of a charwoman. All her four children are delicate: my friend has double curvature of the spine, and I frequently hear that "Ernest has gone to hospital for another operation on his throat." But they have had only one desire as long as I have known them, and that is to get work, and so keep Mother at home.

At last the long desire is realised: the boys are all earning—with intervals because trade is bad or they must go to hospital—and my friend is employed by a London hairdresser.

The Little Home

She makes wigs, and tells me that trade is slack now, but downstairs in the saloons they are busy. Ladies have their hair permanently waved at five guineas a time—a little fortune that! She adds: "We have all sorts of treatment to make old ladies look young. We do so much dyeing. But I would not like my mother's hair dyed. It is white. It gives her such a gentle appearance."

I have seen my friend's home. It is half of a little workman's house, and is clean, respectable, happy. The wig-maker's bed is made up on two chairs. The boys sleep three in a bed. My friend is stunted and pale, but her face has an attractive sweetness, and her bright eyes are always laughing at life.

Once I told her that I was going to see a soap manufacturer who was richer than any American millionaire, and a peer of the realm, and she wrote: "Be sure to tell Lord X we always use his soap."

I feel quite certain that those dyed, waved, manicured, and painted customers, however much they spend on food, dressing up, and nerve specialists, are not half so happy as the cripple and the white-haired charwoman.

OLD CHINA HAS A GREAT DAY

THE EMPEROR ON THE DRAGON THRONE

Royal Pageant in the World's Greatest Republic

THE ENGLISHMAN AMID ALL THE GLORY

Something has happened to an Englishman in China which he is not likely to forget, something which makes us feel that we are very new, very humdrum, and have no idea, with all our long line of kings, what a magnificent person a monarch may be.

Hsuan-Tung, who is still emperor by courtesy in republican China, has just held his great yearly reception, and for the first time, by his own request, a few foreigners were allowed to be present. Among them was Mr. R. F. Johnston, English tutor to the Emperor, and he, as a particular friend, stood in the sacred Throne Room, where stood the Emperor of China on his throne, by courtesy of the Republic of China!

A Royal Reception

When we think of a royal reception in England we think of crowds of carriages, Buckingham Palace thrown open, and a company of English ladies, beautifully dressed, making what now stands for a curtsy to the Queen.

A very different thing it was that happened in Pekin the other day at a ceremony of the Chinese Imperial Court. In here the old and the new China met, the old in the person of Hsuan-Tung, the new in the person of English Mr. Johnston.

Pekin is the centre and heart of a vast, unwieldy empire of some four hundred millions, who are a little lost between their new republic and their undying worship of tradition.

The Path to the Throne

In one day, at the dawn of this year, they gave themselves up to the glories of their ancient state and to the ceremony of the Dragon Throne, which for many centuries has been the symbol of the sacred monarchy of China. For one day they were the old China, at heart unchangeable and mysterious, content to worship the past as they had done on this day every year for the last five centuries.

Then a great concourse of people paid homage to the Emperor. Rank upon rank of silent dignitaries stood in the courts that flank the Throne Room. In the outermost were the officials of least importance. The men of higher degree gathered in the Court of Audience, where a marble path, lined by 64 dragon posts, leads to the throne.

Homage to the Emperor

About its great portals, under the dragons writhing in gold, were placed a collection of the instruments of office used in the old days of imperial grandeur—the great drums, the golden bells, and many other mysterious and gorgeous objects. A number of scarlet-clad men stood by the drums and bells, and as the ceremony reached its height the men in scarlet struck them and chanted a weird, wailing cry, which was the signal for the silent ranks without to prostrate themselves, for their emperor was now seated on his Dragon Throne, and they were but dust in his sight.

Three times the ceremony was repeated; three times the wailing sound echoed through the outer courts, and the soul of China prostrated itself before the thought of their invisible emperor. At that moment, gorgeous beyond compare, he was sacred. He may be only one man, not very great, not very grand, but he stood for ancient China.

About the portals of the Throne Room curled and twisted the golden dragons, almost seeming to smile on the thronged court because China of

GIVING THE SALMON A LIFT

WHEN the salmon comes in from the sea it makes the most desperate attempts to get up the rivers to those placid upper waters where its spawn may be laid in safety.

The Canadian Fisheries on the Pacific coast do all they can to welcome the incoming guest, and on the St. Croix River they have lately installed lifts to help the salmon on its way!

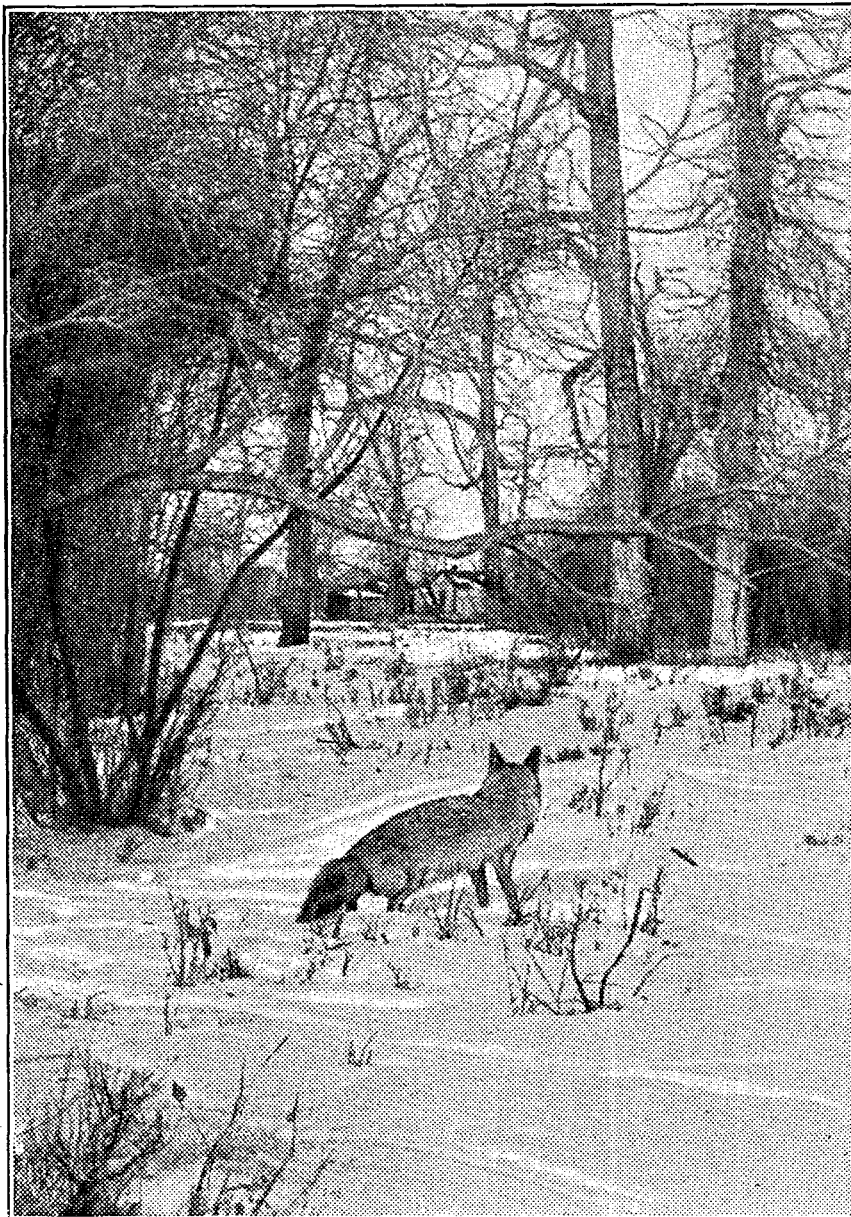
When salmon come to a waterfall they try to leap it, often with little success, and the Canadian Fisheries Commissioner, acting on the emigration motto of "passages assisted, work

found," has now made a passage-way at the foot of a 24-foot fall, and in the middle of it has built a kind of open shaft with a cage at the bottom.

The salmon swim into the cage, the cage ascends and tips them out into a sluice, and down the sluice they slide into the upper river, surprised, no doubt, but quite safe.

The salmon-lift is largely automatic. The cage is hoisted by a counterpoise tank, and the services of one attendant, who stands by and does not travel with the passengers, are enough to send up a large daily supply of fresh salmon.

THE ENEMY APPROACHES



A remarkable snapshot of a coyote, or prairie wolf, prowling near a Canadian homestead on the look out for prey. It causes much annoyance by howling at night, and is very cunning in attacking hens and the smaller farm animals, though it does not often attack man

Continued from the previous column

the Dragon Throne was awake once more for one day.

In the inner Throne Room, all crimson and gold, with its great yellow throne set on a high dais, sat Hsuan-Tung. His relations, and a few special persons—among them our English tutor—were the only people allowed in that august apartment. A great gold umbrella was held before the open door lest vulgar eyes should spy on the sacred person of the Emperor.

When the wailing music gave the signal for the audience to perform the Kotow, the great obeisance, Mr. Johnston politely bowed. So high was the honour paid to this Englishman, who can hardly have helped remembering what happened a hundred years ago. Lord Amherst went as ambassador to the Chinese Court, and was not even allowed to enter the Emperor's presence because he refused to prostrate himself to the ground before him. "I have sent thine ambassador back to his own

country," wrote the Emperor to our Prince Regent, "without punishing him for the crime he has committed."

When it was all over the dignitaries silently dispersed in wave upon wave of colour, and the Emperor, once more a friendly man, met his friends in a quiet little garden in the imperial grounds. Into the garden came a string of ladies, the Empress and her attendants. There was no grandeur, merely the unchanging poise and exquisite beauty of the Manchu ladies framing a new friendliness and sympathy.

The Emperor and Empress talked with their guests, and presently bade them adieu. They knew, and their visitors knew, that this pageant day of Old China may never come again, that powerful forces are shaking the Empire beneath her apparent calm. But when this ancient glory disappears there will go something of dignity and beauty that has taken centuries to create, and only by the passage of centuries will be replaced.

THE SHRINE 3000 YEARS OLD

SLEEPING PLACE OF TUTANKHAMEN

One of the Finest Things Ever Made in the World

SARCOPHAGUS LIKE A JEWEL

We were reading not long ago of the discovery of the actual sarcophagus of Tutankhamen hidden in its nest of shrines; now we have the wonderful details of the shrine in which Pharaoh slept unknown until the gentle hammers of the excavators disturbed him in his mountain tomb.

The wonder of that hour, when Mr. Howard Carter and his helpers broke the seals of ages and opened the secret door, touched us across a continent. We were thrilled by the thought of that amazing and lovely art having survived through thirty centuries.

The sarcophagus was enclosed in its shrine like a jewel in a case, so that from the entrance only the end could be seen. The excavators were faced by the task of freeing it.

The Joy of Achievement

For a month they worked on, their labour made more difficult than we can easily understand because of the very limited space and unexpected complications in the structure, and because they wished to avoid hurting the decorations of both the shrine and the sarcophagus.

It was the most hazardous stage of their operations. And now we are all feeling glad and proud, with Mr. Carter, because the work has been successfully done. The sarcophagus stands free, and the excavators only wish their friends and well-wishers all over the world could have been with them to share the joy of that hour when this work of exquisite art was laid bare.

The sarcophagus is even more beautiful than they expected, and the men of expert knowledge who have seen it say that it is the finest in the world.

Watching Over the Dead King

It is made of crystalline sandstone of a faint rosy hue, and the stone is as perfect as when its long-dead sculptors chiselled it. The lid is inscribed and carved with curious devices, but we only see that when we have gladdened our eyes with the sight of the four guarding figures, one at each corner of the structure. They are carved in high relief, each turning toward the head of the sarcophagus, as if watching over the repose of the dead king, each encircling his stone bed with a protecting arm and wings outspread.

The faces of the attendant goddesses are of a singular beauty, with the long almond eyes painted according to a certain style of Egyptian art.

Glorious Pageantry of Old

In all these royal coffins there was set a device called the panel of the sacred eye. It was imagined that thus the dead king could look out from his house of death to the west, where Osiris, Lord of the Dead, had his dwelling. At the north and south of Tutankhamen's coffin are set these watching eyes, a curious relic of an ancient faith.

Thus the Egyptian monarch lies in state, his body placed there by reverential hands to the accompaniment of the prayers of a long-dead nation. In imagination we can reconstruct something of the scene, its glorious pageantry, the solemn grandeur of its ritual. We know that the king laid himself down to die in as sure and certain hope of a resurrection as ever filled the heart of an expiring saint. Our admiration is touched with reverence, and we think with awe of a people whose sense of beauty made such a home for their dead.

VIRGINIA DARE FIRST CHILD OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Has Her Casket Been Found
Near Washington?

THRILLING TALE OF THE DAYS OF RALEIGH

There is a thrilling interest in a piece of news sent the other day from Washington.

It tells of the finding, near Washington, of an old leaden casket containing some beads and a document that could not be read, while not far away was found a leaden plate which said: "Virgin Dare died here. Captif Powhatan. 1590. Charles R."

The thrilling interest of this discovery is in the suggestion that the casket may have something to do with Virginia Dare, the first British child born overseas.

The story takes us back to the days of Raleigh, the dreamer and founder of the British Empire. The story of his first expedition to Virginia is one of the most pathetic stories ever told, and the Editor of the C.N. gives it in his book on Little Treasure Island.

Raleigh's expedition left a hundred people in Virginia. They found the climate good, the soil rich, and boundless areas of country stretching away they knew not where.

It was like a Golden Age to these hundred people (says Arthur Mee) until some petty crime aroused the anger of the Red Indians, who refused to cultivate the land so that food ran short and the little settlement was menaced with starvation.

Drake Appears

Suddenly Francis Drake appeared and gave them passage home, and they had hardly left when Grenville arrived with ships and stores. Not finding the Englishmen there, he left fifteen volunteers as an outpost of Roanoke Island, the only foot of territory then held secure for England.

Those fifteen men stood for the British Empire. Raleigh sent out a new expedition, but could not find these men. They were probably slain by treachery, and we may think of them, that lonely group of Englishmen on the edge of an unknown world, as the first martyrs of the Empire.

But there was no despair in Raleigh's heart, however sad it was. The American coast had been explored for 250 miles. He had found friendly peoples, he had found potatoes and tobacco and mahogany; but, more than all, he had found new inspiration for his dreams, and on and on he went. Five expeditions to Virginia he equipped, and they must have cost him a fortune.

The Instinct of Raleigh

The first expedition was murdered by Red Indians. Captain John Smith, in charge of the second, was saved by the pleading of Queen Pocahontas. She became friendly, married an Englishman, and helped to build up Jamestown. She came to England with her baby boy, she went to see a Shakespeare play, she was buried in a church by the Thames.

It is pathetic, in looking back to that great story of Virginia, to see how true was the instinct of Raleigh. He saw the light, however dark it was; he kept the faith. When he sent out Captain John White to look for those fifteen men at Roanoke, he also sent another group of settlers, so that when White left to come home for new supplies, and to report that little tragedy, he left behind him there eighty-nine men, seventeen women, and two children. One of the women was his daughter, Mrs. Dare, who became the mother of Virginia Dare, the first child ever born in the British Empire overseas. Virginia Dare! How great a name, how true! Virginia stands to all the world for daring; there was nothing Raleigh would not dare for Virginia; there is nothing Virginia has not dared for her high place in mankind.

"I yet shall see her an English nation," the unconquerable Raleigh would say,

SPAIN FINDS TRUE WEALTH

Great Scheme to Develop
Her Resources

PUMPING WATER TO THE HIGHLANDS

Spain is at the present time making the greatest effort to develop her internal resources and wealth that she has made for over three hundred years.

The south-eastern part of the peninsula, where she grows her oranges, depends entirely for its fertility upon artificial irrigation. Yet the works on which she relies for this irrigation were constructed four hundred years ago.

The system is, of course, crude and inadequate for these days, and it has long been recognised by enlightened Spaniards that if Spain is to develop her wealth she must have an up-to-date irrigation system for her dry provinces.

It was therefore decided some time ago to harness the River Segura by building four reservoirs, which should have a total storage capacity of over 66,000 million gallons. Now two of the reservoirs are already finished, while the other two are being constructed.

Part of the district to be served by this irrigation system is above the level of the river and reservoirs, and an extensive pumping plant has had to be erected. The water is raised 21 feet, and then flows for seven miles through a concrete canal, when it is pumped up another 21 feet. It flows for some miles through a second canal and reaches a third pumping station, and continues in the same way, partly by canal and partly by tunnel, to a fifth pumping station, the total lift being 267 feet.

It is a very remarkable system, one of the finest to be found in Europe, and if Spain can develop her natural resources on these lines she may yet become a rich country.

SEARCHING FOR HIDDEN FIRES

Power from Inside the Earth

The underground fire in Staffordshire to which the C.N. referred the other week is only one of many that are going on all over the world, for there are pockets of fire wherever there are volcanoes and in numerous places where there are not.

In Italy they have begun to search these pockets to see if enough heat can be extracted from them to turn it to some useful purpose; and at one place they have gone still farther, for they are using it to light electric lamps in the old towns of Florence and Siena.

The underground fires are at Larderello, about forty miles south-west of Florence, and here, over an area of two and a half square miles, they have shown themselves for thousands of years in jets of steam and boiling ponds of water mixed with sulphur. For hundreds of years, at any rate, the peasants regarded them as signs of the devil; twelve years ago an Italian nobleman, Prince Conti, thought better, and put up an electric generator to be steam driven.

Each year some new machinery has been added, and now a steam-electric plant produces enough electricity to distribute to local factories, and a surplus to be sent at 32,000 volts to Siena, Florence, and Leghorn for lighting and for use as power in ironworks.

Continued from the previous column

and from near God's throne he may yet look down on Virginia, where the British flag first flew; Virginia, which gave Washington and President Wilson to the world; Virginia, which under Washington wrung her freedom from our German kings, which under Lincoln fought—though on the losing side—in the war of freedom for the slaves; which under Wilson lived to see America, in the tercentenary of Raleigh, hand in hand with Raleigh's English nation.

THE HUM OF LIFE

Microphone that Picks
up an Insect's Call

THE SOUNDS WE DO NOT HEAR

Hundreds of sounds are going on all round us which we never hear.

A new microphone has now been invented by an electrical adviser of the Westinghouse Electric Company which will make audible sound waves that have never been heard before, in somewhat the same way that electromagnetic light waves, which the eye never sees, are detected.

Some light waves are too short to be seen by the eye, and some sound waves are too short—and make too shrill a sound—to be heard by the ear. The squeak of a bat, though it can be heard by young people, can seldom be heard by people over forty because it is too shrill for them; but there are many other sounds, sounds made by insects, which are too shrill for anyone to hear.

The Westinghouse microphone, made by Dr. Phillips Thomas, is said to be able to make these very short sound waves audible.

What Dogs Can Hear

The human ear cannot take in anything above 38,000 vibrations a second. Dogs can hear much higher notes than that. Sir Francis Galton had whistles made producing 84,000 vibrations a second, and used to walk through the streets of a town sounding his inaudible whistle to make the dogs turn round.

But there are other sounds besides these high sounds made by insects which are at present, perhaps, audible to insects alone. All our muscles—the muscles of the veins, the skin, the heart—are quietly thrilling or vibrating, and they do not cease when we sleep. But they are all thrilling at the very slow rate of only ten or twelve vibrations a second. The new microphone may help us to hear this curious hum of life.

WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?



£175 for identifying these people. See particulars on page 9

A DUTCHMAN'S PUZZLE

TOO MANY PARTIES IN
HOLLAND

Nine Groups Make Five
Attempts to Carry On

LESSON OF WEAK GOVERNMENT

The composition of the British Parliament is different now from anything the country has seen before.

Three distinct Parties are so balanced that no one Party is strong enough to govern unsupported. But this is a feature of modern Parliaments almost everywhere.

It can be illustrated clearly from Holland, a country that goes on its way quietly and attracts by its politics little notice in neighbouring countries.

For three months—part of October, November, December, and part of January—Holland had no real Government, because no Party was strong enough to rule.

In the summer of 1922 a General Election—with proportional representation, which returns small party groups—sent nine Parties to the Dutch Parliament. From this mixture a Coalition Government was formed which carried on without confidence. Then one Party withdrew its support and the Government was defeated and resigned.

Old Government Carries On

Five attempts were then made by the nine Parties to arrange a Government, but each attempt failed; and now the old Government, at the request of the Queen, has resumed its work though it has not a majority, and cannot be sure of doing anything it may plan.

Great Britain is watching with much interest how its own Government will succeed with three Parties in the field, but the task of governing in Britain, which created the Parliamentary system, is simple compared with that in nearly every other European country.

Party government is often talked of with scorn, but it is infinitely better than drifting either by a Coalition with no effective Opposition or at the mercy of seven or eight changeable factions, each taking a little view of public life to suit its selfish interests.

Holland is now learning this lesson. The Dutch, like the British, are a practical people, and they are bound to adopt a common-sense course in the end.

THE LOST VALISE

Why a Lady Wept

Many strange and valuable articles pass through the lost and found department of a great railway station, but the stationmaster of the Pennsylvania depot in New York, through which 36 million people pass every year, recently had the experience of returning a valise containing £15,000 worth of jewels to a lady who had dropped it in her hurry to catch a train.

The lady was so relieved at recovering the valuables that she actually cried on the official's shoulder.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Altar-piece by Vittorio Crivelli . . .	£777
Four aeroplanes, valued at £5000 . . .	£600
Nine Bartolozzi colour prints . . .	£280
A painting by Constable . . .	£241
Two old English carpets . . .	£231
Two letters by Shelley . . .	£180
A Jacobean court cupboard . . .	£158
A rock-crystal chandelier . . .	£110
A Chinese rock-crystal vase . . .	£73
A Queen Anne hall clock . . .	£60
Portrait attributed to Kneller . . .	£24
An Apostle spoon, 1627 . . .	£20

A decorated silver cup and cover, engraved with the Royal Arms, presented to the President of the Burgher Senate at Cape Town on the occupation of the Cape by the British in 1799, sold for £146.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

What are the Nets on a Mail Train Used for?

They are to catch bags of mails hung up on special posts and collected by the train while it is in rapid motion.

What is a Hammer-headed Crane?

There is no hammer-headed crane, but there is a hammer-headed stork, a small brown African bird, known to scientists as *Scopus umbretta*.

Who Wrote the Arabian Nights?

No one knows. Arabic writers of the tenth century refer to the work as a Persian one. The book is really a collection of Oriental stories of uncertain date by unknown authors.

What Does Spittal Mean?

This is a Scottish word meaning the rabble attending an army. It is often spelt *pettail*, and comes from the old French word for infantry, *petaille*.

Was a Witch Burned in Ireland About the Time of the Boer War?

Bridget Cleary, aged 27, was burned to death as a witch at Baltyvadhen, County Tipperary, on March 15, 1895. The husband was sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment and five others to various shorter terms.

How Does a Stinging Nettle Sting?

The nettle is supplied with stinging hairs, which have points stiffened with silica. These points pierce our skin and pour into the wound a poisonous fluid contained in the tip of the hair.

How Many Wranglers Does Cambridge Turn Out Every Year?

A wrangler is a candidate placed in the first class in the mathematical tripos, or honours examination, and there is no limit to the number of wranglers. It depends on the standard reached by the candidates.

Which English City is Next to London in Population?

Birmingham, with a population of 920,000. Then come Liverpool, 804,000; Manchester, 731,000; Sheffield, 491,000; and Leeds, 458,000. In Great Britain Glasgow, with 1,040,000, comes next to London.

When was the Royal State Coach First Used?

The old royal state coach used on such occasions as the opening of Parliament was built in 1761 for George the Third from designs by his architect, Sir William Chambers. It cost £6491. It is the largest and heaviest of all state coaches.

What Advantage Have Railless Trolley Cars over Trams and Motor-buses?

The power can be supplied from a central power station, as in the case of trams, but the trolley-car can run about the road within certain limits instead of keeping to a rail-track, the cost of which is saved. Thereby greater speed is possible and less delay.

When was the Last Wolf Killed in Britain?

Some authorities say the last wolf was killed in Scotland in 1680 or 1682, but others give an account of the killing of four old wolves and some whelps in Sutherlandshire between 1690 and 1700. In England the wolf was exterminated some time between 1485 and 1509, though exactly when is not known.

What is the Origin of the Dagger in the Arms of the City of London?

The story generally given that it commemorates the killing of Wat Tyler by Lord Mayor Walworth in 1381 and that it represents the dagger used, which is still preserved by the City, is incorrect. The arms existed before Wat Tyler was killed. The weapon shown is not a dagger but a sword, the emblem of St. Paul, the patron of London.

Why do Ferns and Flowers of Ice Appear on Windows in Frosty Weather?

The resemblance to ferns and flowers is merely a coincidence, and is due to the fact that when the moisture freezes on the window pane it forms complicated crystals having a six-sided appearance, and these arrange themselves in lines according to certain laws of crystallization, which are too intricate to explain here.

What is the Origin of the Great Sphinx of Egypt?

Nothing is known of its origin. It was hewn out of the solid rock at some unrecorded date and is the oldest known monument of Egypt. It was originally coloured red, and some of the old colouring still remains on the cheek. In front of the breast Thothmes IV set up a granite slab mentioning Khafra's name, and there are remains of an open-air temple between the paws. In the Middle Ages Moslem fanatics greatly damaged it.

WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?

£175 in Rewards for Readers



Here are pictures of 25 sculptures of well-known people, and 25 more were given last week, making 50 in all. The first set is repeated on page 8. Who are these people?

The Editor of the C.N. will give £100 to the reader who sends the most accurate list of names of the statues, £25 for the second best, and 100 prizes of 10s. each to the next in order of merit. There is no age limit.

In My Magazine for March, now ready at all bookstalls, is a list of 400 famous people, and the names of all shown in these pictures are given in the list in My Magazine, which will be of help in discovering the right solutions.

Take a sheet of paper, write down in a column the numbers 1 to 50, and then against each number write the name of the person you think the statue or bust represents, thus: 1. Napoleon. Do not give the name of the sculptor or the place where the statue is. Cut out the coupon in the next column, pin it to your list, and post to C.N. Statues, Gough House,

Gough Square, London, E.C. 4, to arrive by March 13. In the event of a tie the Editor reserves the right to divide any or all of the prizes. Only one name must be given to each picture in a set, but more lists than one may be sent in provided a coupon is attached to each set and that each list of 50 names is complete in itself. No lists can be returned, no correspondence entered into, and the Editor's decision is final. The result will be published in the C.N. as soon as possible. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

In entering C.N. Statues Examination I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

Signed

Address

GROWING GLORY OF VENUS

PLANET APPEARS LIKE A HALF MOON

Star that Vanishes for Six Months Every Year

THE PROBLEM OF MIRA

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The western sky is particularly interesting in the evening just now, partly on account of the growing glory of Venus, and also because that wonderful star Mira, or Omicron in Cetus, may be seen, provided the night is dark.

Venus appears, telescopically, still gibbous in shape—that is, between the half and full moon figure—but in the course of the next six weeks she will gradually grow into the half-moon appearance, and approach *quadrature*.

At present she is about ninety million miles away, some three million miles nearer than the Sun, the Earth appearing to Venus almost exactly the same, both in size, shape, and brilliancy as



Where to find Mira

Venus does to us, except that our world is a morning star in the eastern sky of Venus.

The absence of the Moon from the evening sky during the next two weeks will give observers a glimpse of the variable star Mira, which has recently attained its maximum brightness. The conditions are not favourable for amateurs owing to lingering twilight, the star's low altitude, and prevalent mists; but fortunately Venus will, with the aid of our star map, indicate where to look.

There are no bright stars anywhere near Venus, but there may be seen, about thirty times the Moon's apparent width away to the left of Venus, and at almost the same height above the horizon, a star of probably medium brightness; this is Mira.

There is no star as bright between Mira and Venus, but the star Alpha in Pisces may be seen above and to the right of Mira, about ten times the Moon's width away. These positions are for the beginning of next week, but a week later Venus will have moved much nearer and higher in the sky, and will then be about in a line with Alpha in Pisces and Mira, as shown in the map.

Star that Changes in Brilliancy

It is anticipated that both stars will be about the same brightness, but there is much uncertainty about this; for, though Mira vanishes regularly every year for about six months, on blazing up again it sometimes attains only fifth magnitude, often but third, and occasionally it is above second.

Its maximum brilliancy remains for between a week and six weeks, then it gradually dies down and appears to "go out," but actually it diminishes to what appears to us a tiny ninth-magnitude star, but actually is a sun, probably not quite as large as our own. It passes through an entire cycle of variability once in about 330 days.

It is a most fascinating problem why Mira should be subject to such a terrific convulsion—chiefly outbursts of flaming hydrogen—which increases its brilliancy and heat radiation from four hundred to a thousand times in four months. One plausible explanation is that it is due to periodic falls of swarms of meteors on to its fiery surface, the light from which has taken 45 years to reach us.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Mars and Jupiter are in the east before daybreak. Saturn rises about 10.30. Venus is in the west in the evening.

Next Week—A Stirring Story of the Backwoods, by a New Writer

THE ROGUE WHALE

A Thrilling Story of
Two Boys at Sea

Told by T. C. Bridges
the C.N. Storyteller

CHAPTER 55

The Monster Charges

Col. sprang to his feet and gazed in the direction in which Jupe was pointing.

"Here he is!" he shouted. "I see him! He is coming like a train." "Sit down," snapped Mr. Crale. "Do you want to upset the boat?" "The brute's coming straight for the schooner," said Col. as he obeyed.

"Marse Kit!" shouted Jupe. "Yo' come aboard and take de wheel while ah handles de gun."

There was no time to ask any questions, and in a trice Kit was over the bow of the whaler, and had scrambled aboard the schooner. "Keep her just like she is," ordered Jupe, his voice suddenly hard and stern.

Kit grasped the wheel. The schooner steered like a log, but he managed to hold her on her course. He glanced at Jupe. The big harpooner's face was set like a rock, and his great hands were busy with the mechanism of the gun.

"Port, Marse Kit!" cried Jupe. The breeze was freshening, and the schooner obeyed her helm more easily. Her bow was pointed directly toward the great black monster that was now so terribly close.

"Port!" shouted Jupe again. "Keep her head pointed straight for old whale."

Kit obeyed. He understood now just what Jupe was after, and that he wanted the whale to strike the schooner's bow rather than her side. "Hold on!" roared Jupe.

Kit did not need the warning; but, even so, the shock of the collision was so tremendous that it jarred every muscle in his body. The schooner lifted as though she had struck solid rock, and Kit heard the crunch of shivering timbers beneath the water-line. From overhead came another crash as the fore-topmast broke like a carrot and came rattling down, bringing with it a whole raffle of gear.

In spite of his grip upon the wheel Kit was flung off his balance and nearly fell. As he recovered himself there came to his ears the heavy thudding report of the whale gun, and the sunlight flashed on the bright steel head of the harpoon as it was hurled from the muzzle. The rope followed in black, snaky coils.

"Ah've got him!" roared Jupe in a voice of thunder. "Leab de wheel, Marse Kit, an' gib me a hand wid dis heah rope."

In three jumps Kit was beside Jupe. Under the bows of the schooner the blue water boiled in a maelstrom of foam, and the line was running out of the tub like greased lightning.

"Ah got him dis time," repeated Jupe. "Ah reckon ole whale won't sink no more ships," he added vindictively.

Kit glanced at the shattered bow of the schooner.

"But he's sunk this one all right, Jupe," he replied.

Jupe scowled.

"Ah'm most afraid yo're right, Marse Kit," he answered. "She's sure stove dis time, but ef she'll float for jest half an hour, ah tink we's got ole whale."

The line was still flashing out of the tub in which it was coiled. It seemed to be going straight down into the depths.

"Still sounding, isn't he?" asked Kit.

"Dat's so," answered Jupe; "but ah don't reckon he kin go much furder."

Almost as he spoke the line ceased to run out, and Jupe at once set to work to get the slack.

"Ah told you so," he cried. "He's a-coming up."

Kit's heart was thumping as he stood watching the sea, waiting for the reappearance of their terrible enemy. Suddenly the line began to run again, then, at a distance of about two hundred yards to seaward, the water broke, and out of the blue the great bull whale flung the whole of his gigantic frame out of the sea into the air.

Down came the whale again, down with a crash like a thunder-clap, sending the parted waters leaping in two vast waves on either side of his giant mass.

The line tightened, and Jupe let it take the strain gradually. The schooner began to surge forward, but now Kit noticed that her bows were lower than before.

"She's sinking, Jupe," he said anxiously.

Jupe shook his head. "Don't yo' worry, Marse Kit. Her cargo will keep her afloat."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before the strain on the line ceased. The whale had vanished.

CHAPTER 56

The Second Attack

Jupe muttered something under his breath which was not a blessing. "What's he up to now?" asked Kit sharply.

"He's arter jest de one ting ah hoped he wouldn't tink ob. He's agwine to try to bust us again."

Kit sprang back towards the tiller so as to meet the new charge head on. It was useless, for the whale had been towing the schooner into the eye of the wind, and not only that, the fall of the fore-topmast had robbed her of most of her remaining sail. The water-logged craft had no longer any way and lay helpless before the attack of her terrible enemy.

Next instant the huge square head of the bull whale shot into sight less than a hundred yards from the port side of the schooner, and, almost before Kit had time to think, the monstrous brute had charged them a second time with the fury of a mad bull.

Under the terrific impact of more than one hundred tons of living weight, this time delivered on her unprotected side, the schooner collapsed under the feet of her crew. Kit was flung violently to the deck, and fetched up half-stunned against the starboard rail.

Grasping the rail, he dragged himself dizzily to his feet. He felt the schooner rolling over beneath him, and vaguely heard Jupe's voice shouting to him to jump. With a last effort he scrambled over the rail and sprang as far as he could into the sea.

The next thing of which he was aware was a pair of strong hands grasping him, and of being lifted out of the water into the whaler.

"Oh, Kit! Are you hurt?" he heard Sybil cry, and he had just breath enough to answer:

"Not a bit, Sybil."

Kit sat up. He became aware that both he and Jupe were aboard the whaler, and that Bliss and Horton were at the oars, pulling her away from the spot where the shattered schooner was just disappearing beneath the sea. Jupe was watching the sinking ship with a very grim expression on his face.

"De schooner's done gone and de gun am gone," he said heavily.

"And the whale, too," added Mr. Crale.

"Never mind, Jupe," said Sybil comfortingly. "It was not your fault, anyhow."

"But ah feel jest as bad as if it was," replied Jupe dolefully.

There was silence a minute.

Then Horton put into words the thought that was in everybody's mind.

"Do you think the brute will come back at us, sir?" he asked.

CHAPTER 57

Blaskett Again

SYBIL went rather white, and Mr. Crale hastened to comfort her. "I don't think it's likely," he said quickly. "You got the harpoon well home, Jupe, didn't you?"

"Yes, sah. And hitting dat dere schooner like he did wouldn't help him."

"Still, we won't take chances," said Mr. Crale. "Get the sail up."

The breeze was now blowing fresh, and under her sail the boat travelled fast. Mr. Crale took the steering oar. And then Horton gave a shout:

"There he is, sir. Just where the schooner sank."

As he spoke, the mate turned the boat in towards the land.

"Dat's right, sah," said Jupe. "Ef we's real close to de rocks he's not so likely to see us."

The great bull, seemingly as full as ever of terrible life, was circling on the surface, evidently searching for his enemies. And suddenly, whether he saw or smelt them, he came rushing across the water towards them.

Horton was terrified. "He'll have us!" he said.

"Nothing can help us."

"Rubbish!" snapped Mr. Crale.

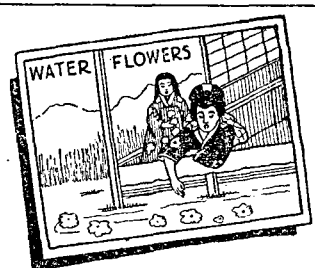
"We can reach the cliff before he does. Though we can't land, the brute may think twice of charging right up to the cliff face."

Mr. Crale headed the whaler right in under the cliff. The whale was terribly close, and Kit could hardly breathe for suspense.

Suddenly Mr. Crale pushed over the steering oar, and the boat spun like a top and shot up into the wind. The whale came thundering past so close that the wave flung up by its monstrous bulk covered them all with spray.

For a moment Kit could see nothing. Then came a dull but tremendous thud, and a fresh wave broke aboard the whaler, half filling her. A roar from Jupe: "Whoopee! Dat's done it. Ole whale busted dis time, suah!" And as the spray mist cleared they all saw their monstrous enemy flapping his life out. Missing the boat, in his blind rage he had charged straight into the cliff, and smashed his ponderous head to a jelly.

"Hurrah!" shouted Bliss and Horton, and the boys and Sybil cheered, too.



JAPANESE
WATER FLOWERS
FREE

in this week's SCHOOL FRIEND—the jolly paper for schoolgirls, now on sale. The next two issues will contain a FREE GAME and a new and original song entitled "Bessie, The Pride of the School." Make sure of all these splendid gifts by giving your newsagent a regular order.

SCHOOL
FRIEND

EVERY THURSDAY 2d.

But Mr. Crale cut them short.

"Bale!" he ordered curtly. "Bale if you don't want the boat to sink under you."

Bale they did, and as the sail filled again they began to draw away from the dangerous cliffs and out into open water. Jupe cast a last glance at the bull whale floating like a log in the surf.

"It's a suah pity dat we got to leab him," he said regretfully.

"Can't say I'm sorry to see the last of him, Jupe," replied Mr. Crale. "And, in any case, we have something else to think of. There's weather working up: we must be clear of the island before it starts."

Jupe glanced at the sky, and nodded. "You're right, boss. We better snug de boat down."

Two hours later dusk began to creep over a waste of great grey waves, and the whaler lay hove to in a full gale, while her crew, baling hard, tried desperately to keep her afloat. Yet all, Kit and Col included, well knew that, barring a miracle, the end must come soon.

Any boat less strongly built than the whaler must have been swamped long ago, and as the tidal drift had carried them far beyond the island there was no shelter for many miles.

"Poor luck, Kit," whispered Col to his brother. "For Sybil, I mean. I don't care much myself now Uncle Nat is gone."

Jupe overheard. "It was all dat Blaskett!" he growled. "But he's gwine to de bottom wid us."

As he spoke there came a scream from Blaskett, who had dragged himself up, and he was pointing up wind and shrieking:

"A sail! A sail, I tell you!"

"Raving, I reckon," said Jupe scornfully, as he baled hard.

But Kit looked up.

"He's right!" he gasped. "And it's the Triton, or her double."

"Of course it's the Triton!" snarled Blaskett.

"Den yo' lied, yo' Blaskett!" roared Jupe. And just then a wave broke right over them, and nearly smothered the boat.

"Bale!" shouted Mr. Crale. "Bale for your lives. She's seen us!"

Into the next few minutes was crowded a lifetime of suspense. It seemed all odds that the boat would go under before the Triton could reach it. But under Mr. Crale's able leadership they all worked like furies, and somehow managed to keep the whaler afloat until the Triton thrust her squat bulk between them and the gale.

Even then the work of rescue was most difficult and dangerous, but Captain Nat was equal to it, and soon they were all safe aboard.

Drenched and exhausted, they were hurried below, but it was not until they were dried and fresh clothed that their uncle would allow the boys to tell their story.

"So the rogue whale is dead!" exclaimed Captain Nat, when they had finished. And his eyes flashed with triumph.

"And floating, Uncle!" cried Col.

"Then if the wind goes down we will have him tomorrow," replied Captain Nat. "Also we will read that ruffian Naga a lesson."

"And pick up Chad, uncle," put in Kit.

"And get that gold," added Col.

"But you won't harm Karum?" begged Sybil. "He was good to me."

"No, indeed, Sybil; and he shall have the carcass of the bull whale and his share of the gold. Now the only thing that puzzles me is what to do with that fellow Blaskett. The real truth is that he stole a boat and escaped from the ship, and indeed I was not sorry to see the last of him."

"I don't think you need trouble about him, Captain Sibley," said Mr. Crale gravely. "I have just been to see him, and though I think he will live, I believe he will be a cripple for life. At any rate, he will never be fit for more mischief."

THE END

Five-Minute Story

Steel by Name

FARMER Hill came into the kitchen looking very worried.

"My missus is nearly wild with toothache," he said. "Will one of you lads go to the Hall and ask the Squire's lady for some of the white tablets that always ease the pain?"

There was a pause. It was the end of a hard day's work. The men were tired; the boys did not fancy the long trudge in the dark through a wood that was said to be haunted. All the same the youngest spoke up.

"I'll go, master. It would be too bad if Mrs. Hill were kept waking all night after what she has to do by day."

"I knew he would be the one to go," said the farmer, sitting down with the heaviness of a weary man after the lad had left the room. "It will be two shillings in his pocket when he comes back. It would take more than ghosties or goblins to scare that little chap—Steel by name and steel by nature."

Somemonths before the big bull had got loose in the yard where Farmer Hill's little children were playing. Just as the mother rushed to her bedroom window and saw the savage beast bear down upon her babies, Jack Steel, raw to farmwork and small for his age, appeared from nowhere, broom in hand.

With thwack and smack he laid about the enemy till the babes were snatched to safety, and the men came to the rescue. It had meant seven weeks for him in hospital afterwards.

But one cannot be brave every way, and the walk in the dark was worse to Jack Steel than the bull in broad daylight.

Setting his thin, fair face he plodded on, whistling to keep his courage up as he entered the dark forest.

Barely had he got midway when, in the gathering gloom above, a Goblin laughed most uncannily. "Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!" it cried.

Jack was quickening his pace when suddenly another Goblin fell on him, clinging to his head, and scratching savagely.

Jack's feet twinkled over the path as they had never done before; but the Goblin was not to be shaken off till the welcome light streaming from the kitchen of the Hall fell upon them both.

"Bless the boy!" said the cook. "What is that you have got on your head?" Then Jack's spiteful headgear lifted itself, and flapped silently away. "Why, it is a great white owl!"

"She must have mistaken you for a mouse, little frightened one," said Madam's French maid teasingly.

"There you make a mistake, Toinette," said the cook. "This is Jack Steel, who saved Farmer Hill's children from the big bull. He is no mouse, though he may look like one!"



Heaven's Peace Be in Your Heart



DI MERRYMAN

JOHNSON: "I hear that your brother is giving a series of lectures on How to Live on Three Shillings a Day. Is he doing well?"

JACKSON: "He must be. I met him in a restaurant after one of his lectures and he was enjoying a five-shilling dinner."

What Am I?

I AM welcome to all from cottage to throne;
There's scarce a condition where I am unknown;
I strive to do good, and I scarce can do harm;
Even music without me must give up a charm.
I'm the joy of the weary, the hope of the sick,
And fain would I visit where sorrows are thick.
I'm a friend to the peaceful, a foe to all strife,
My presence is needful to keep you in life.
By chance you may find me as far as you roam,
But I ever am purest and sweetest at home.
When life is all over, and troubles all past,
May I be your portion for ever to last!

Answer next week

Is Your Name Goodhind?

GOODHIND is a type of name very common in England in the Middle Ages. Such compound names were formed by adding a qualifying adjective to the name of an occupation.

Hind is simply the old word hine, meaning a servant, and Goodhind, therefore, was originally given as a name to someone who had proved himself a good servant, and it descended as a surname.

The Hotel Keeper's Problem

ELEVEN members of a football team arrived at an hotel one evening and asked for beds. The proprietor had only ten beds available, but he said he would accommodate them all in separate beds.

He put two of the men in the first bed, with the understanding that the second should have a bed to himself later on. Then he put the third man into the second bed, the fourth man into the third bed, and so on to the tenth man, who occupied the ninth bed.

There was now one bed left, which was given to the eleventh man, who was in the first bed with the first man. Thus the eleven men had a bed each, although there were only ten beds, which is obviously impossible.

Where is the flaw in this reasoning?

Solution next week

WHAT is the difference between photography and influenza? One makes facsimiles and the other makes sick families.

A Tough Morsel



A GARDEN Brownie raised a shout:
"Fetch thrushes, blackbirds, too,
And starlings, for I've found a feast
For all the hungry crew.
"Let them make haste before the prize
Can slip off underground.
The biggest worm that ever was
For early birds I've found!"

Out of Date

THE schoolmaster was annoyed. "Kenneth," he said, "this is the second time you have not prepared your lesson on 'Hamlet'! Surely you have got a volume of Shakespeare's plays at home?"
"Yes, sir," replied Kenneth, "but I'm afraid it's not much good. It is only an old edition published in 1914."

WHAT is always behind time?
The works of the clock.

Transposition

REVERSE a measure and you'll find
What keeps us often close confined;
Erase a letter and 'tis plain
What causes fear will then remain;
Cut off the last, transpose the rest,
A precious metal stands confest;
Those you discarded now recall,
An active verb's the end of all.

Answer next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Riddle in Rhyme Rhinoceros

The Ferryman's Problem

He first takes the goat across, then returns for the cabbages; leaves them on the other side and takes the goat back; leaves her and carries the wolf over; leaves him with the cabbages and goes back for the goat.

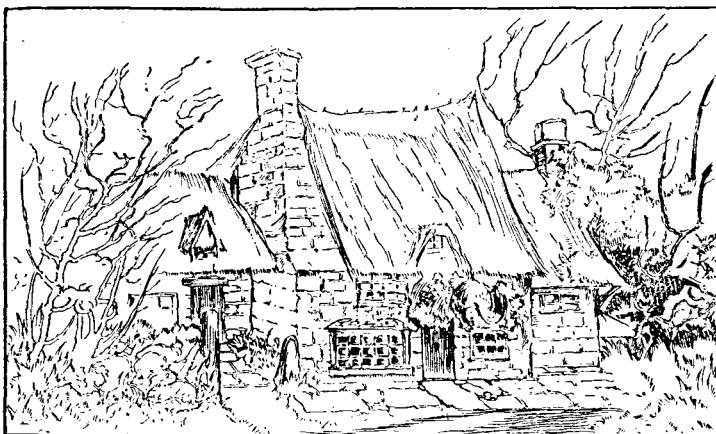
What Am I?

Stone (paving stone; limestone; stone of buildings; precious stone; stone weight, 14lb.; plum or cherry stone).

Who was He?

The Great Pro-Consul was Warren Hastings.

This is the House that Jack Built



Hidden in this picture of the House that Jack Built are the cow, the rat, the cat, the cock Jack, and the maiden all forlorn. Can you find them?

Jacko Goes in for Politics

ADOLPHUS looked up from the paper he was reading, The Monkeyville Times, and said:

"Sir Gregory's health has given way, and he is giving up his seat. We shall be having a By-Election."

"Who is Sir Gregory?" asked Jacko. "And what on earth is a By-Election? Is the chair he is giving away a very valuable one?"

"You ignorant little prickly pear!" exclaimed Adolphus. "Sir Gregory Gorilla was chosen by the people of this town to represent them in the Houses of Parliament, where the laws of the land are made. Now we shall have to elect someone else in his place. All the noise and excitement will be just in your line."

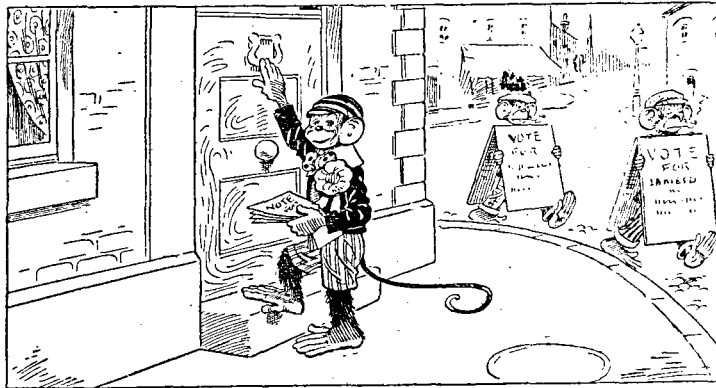
Adolphus was right. A few days later people were running to their windows to see who was clashing that horrid bell. It was Jacko, of course, wearing a huge rosette of blue ribbon, and bawling: "Vote for Bunn!"

"Drat Bunn!" exclaimed the unfortunate neighbours, especially those who had hoped to see a muffin man. They decided not to vote for him.

Jacko also did some house-to-house canvassing, and tried to persuade people that if Major Bunn got into Parliament he would do far more than his opponent, Mr. Biscuit. According to Jacko, he was simply bristling with reforms.

"Will he do anything to lower the price of food?" asked one woman.

"Oh, yes!" said Jacko; and then, letting his imagination



Jacko went from house to house canvassing

run away with him, he added: "In fact, I've an idea he's going to make the shop people give food away free."

"Is he?" exclaimed the woman. "Well, my husband is a grocer. Good morning!"

At another house Jacko was greeted crossly by an enormously stout old gentleman.

"Vote for Bunn! Vote for Bunn!" shouted Jacko.

"I shall certainly *not* vote for Bunn," said the old gentleman. "The man has no more brains than a flat-iron."

"Bunn will get in without you!" retorted Jacko, "and, I warn you, he's going to tax everyone who weighs more than nine stone four-and-sixpence an ounce!"

Which made the old gentleman so enraged that he nearly had a fit.

These stories flew about until they reached the candidate himself. He saw that he would never get any votes while Jacko was working for him.

Next time that Jacko called for a fresh supply of leaflets the major said dreamily: "I've been thinking of my future work. Of course I shall tax sweets heavily—very heavily!"

"Then I've done with you!" cried Jacko, tearing off his rosette. "I'll waste no more of my valuable time on you. I—I'll go canvassing for Biscuit!"

And that is how Bunn got in, after all.

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town, and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1924	1923
London	7079..	7968..
Glasgow	2005..	2208..
Liverpool	1751..	1675..
Birmingham	1459..	1519..
Edinburgh	684..	733..
Hull	548..	565..
Cardiff	392..	434..
Plymouth	302..	346..
Carlisle	84..	85..
Gloucester	77..	87..
Gt. Yarmouth	67..	72..
Canterbury	33..	44..
The four weeks are up to Jan. 26, 1924		

Ici on Parle Français



La foire Le forçat Le feston

Je me suis bien amusé à la foire
Le gardien surveille les forçats
Nous mettons un feston au rideau



Le bac La forge Le filtre

Nous passerons le fleuve en bac
Je vous attendrai devant la forge
Le filtre est vide; remplissez-le

Tales Before Bedtime

The Singing Insect

TAMA SAN sat on the mat practising the koto—the musical instrument which little Japanese girls learn to play instead of the piano.

Tama San wore a blue kimono embroidered with white plum-blossom, and her black hair was piled up on her little head in puffs held by big blue butterfly pins.

"If I had a singing-insect in a little cage he would sing to my music," said Tama, and, putting down her koto, she took a little silk bag from her sleeve and emptied out some coins.

"Two, four, six, eight *sen*," counted Tama. "I will now ask the honourable mother if I may visit the street of shops."

Tama's mother smiled and nodded, and the little girl tripped away to find her clogs.

The street of shops was the gayest place. There were men selling toys, sweets, paper parasols, lanterns, dolls, and kites; but Tama San passed them all until she came to the shop of the singing-insects.

All around it there were tiny cages made of horsehair and fine bamboo. Some were like beehives, and some were square, and inside them were odd little black, brown, and green insects chirping merrily.

"The brown one sings most musically in the darkness," said the insect merchant. "Sasé, sasé, sasé!" he chirps.

But the brown singer cost too much, and Tama chose a gay little green grasshopper, who sang, "Ji-i-i-i, *chon, chon*," and carried him home.

That night Tama put the cage near her bed on the floor, close to her wooden pillow, and in the morning the grasshopper



Tama San sat and played

sang "Ji-i-i-*chon, chon*!" and Tama imagined that his voice was sad.

"Oh, poor little singing-insect," she thought; "he would rather sing his song among the morning-glories in the garden than in a cage."

She slipped out of bed and opened the shutters.

"Oh, honourable little grasshopper," she said softly, "sing to me in the garden when I play my koto; for to make you happy I have spent all my wealth."

And Tama San opened the cage and set it free.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

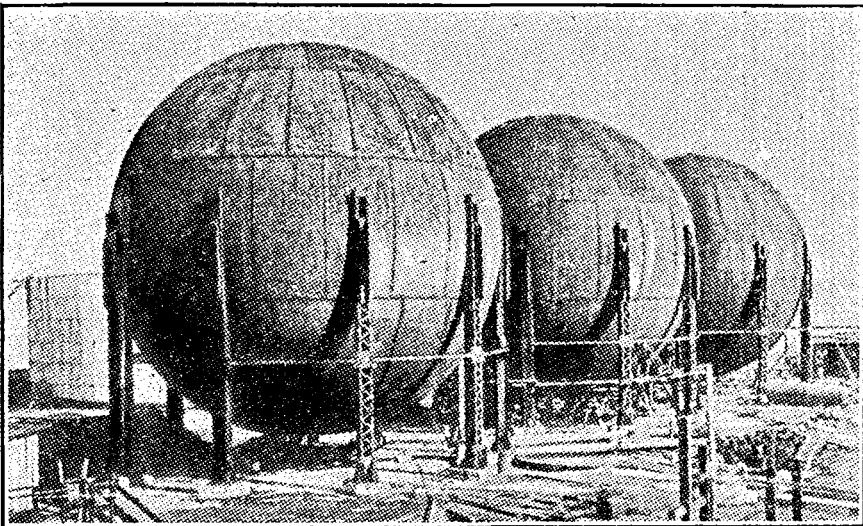
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

February 23, 1924

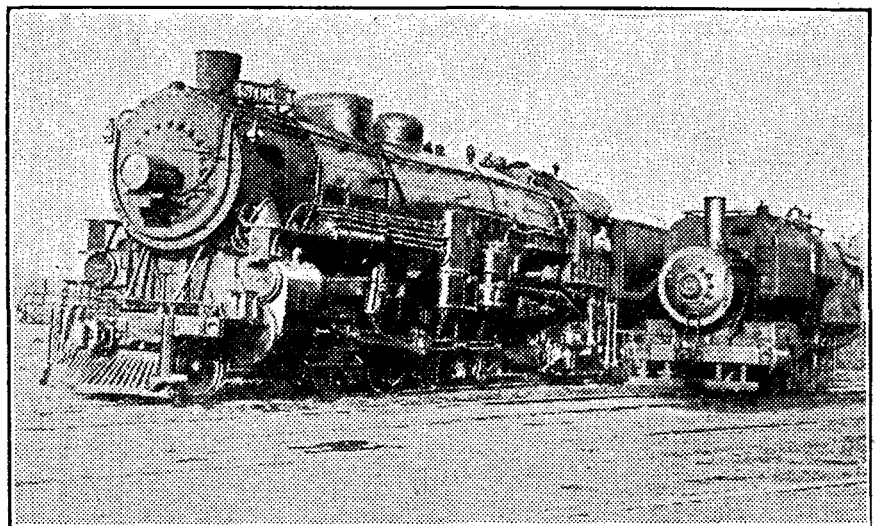
Every Thursday, 2d.

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GIANT OIL SPHERES · FISHING FOR COAL · MILLIONS OF ORANGES



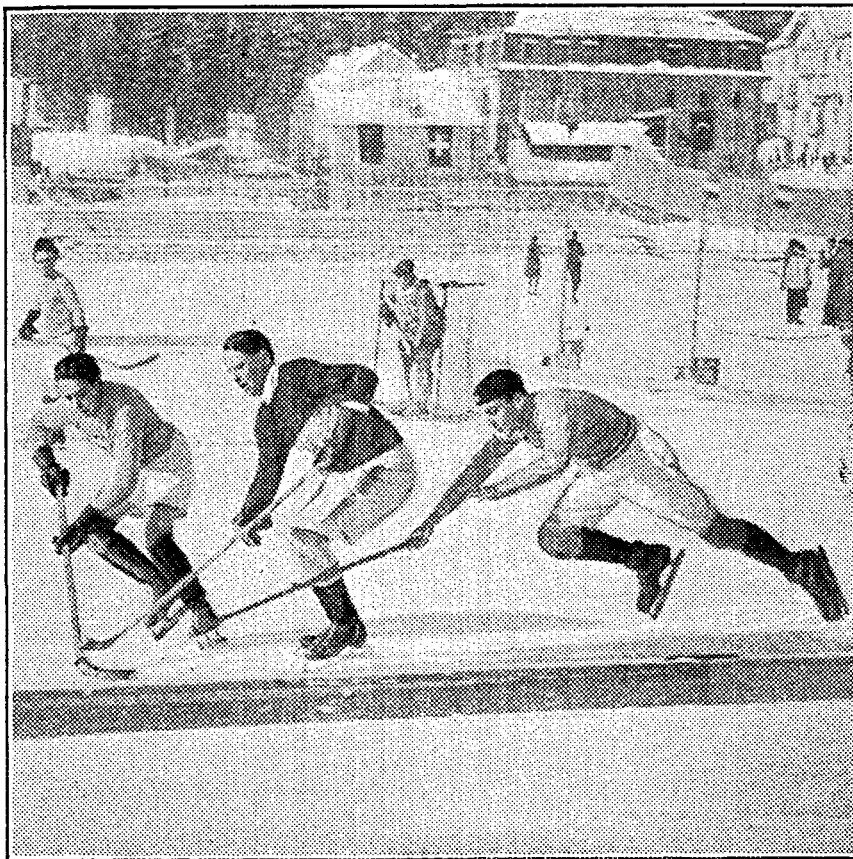
America's Giant Oil Tanks—These remarkable globes, known as Hortonspheres, which have just been built at Port Arthur, Texas, are oil tanks, and each holds 420,000 gallons



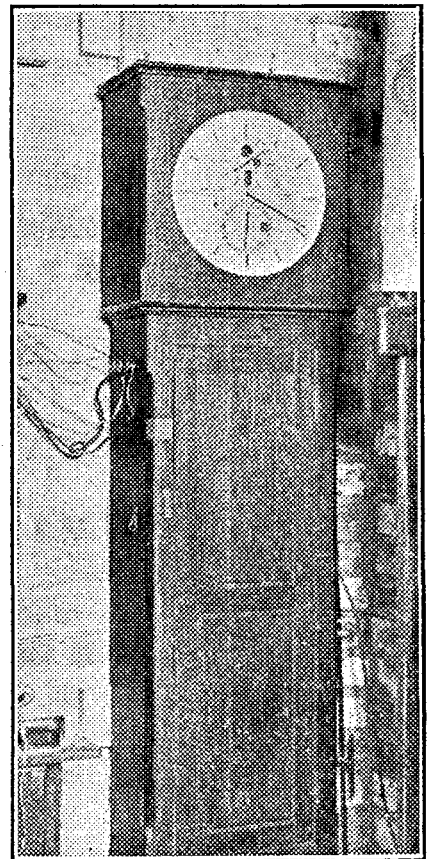
A Long Distance Engine—One of the new locomotives of the Southern Pacific Railway, which run between Los Angeles and El Paso, 815 miles, the world's longest engine run



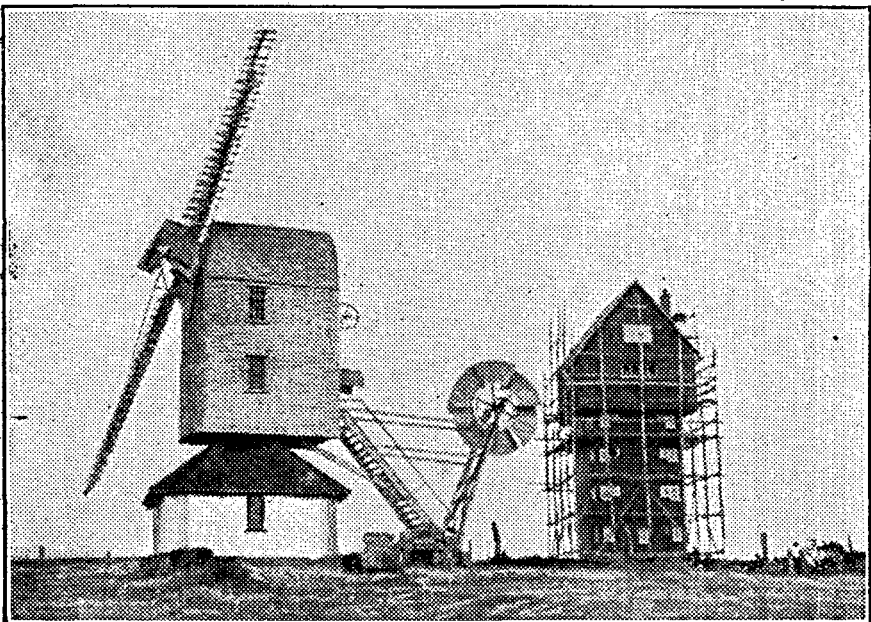
Fishing for Coal—Men fishing for coal in the canal at Runcorn with a cord and bucket. The bucket, dragged along the canal bed, collects coal fallen overboard from barges



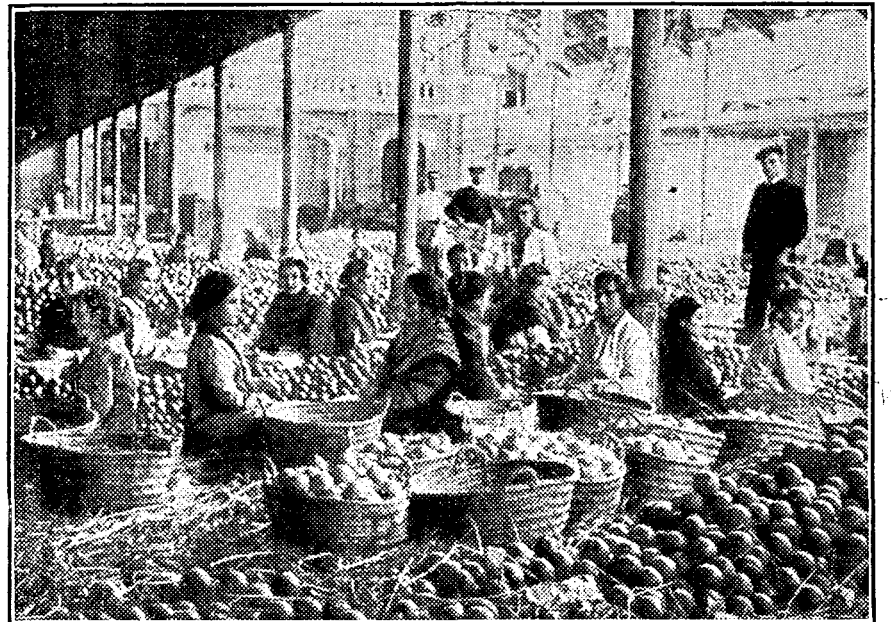
English Hockey Winners in Play—The English hockey team recently defeated the French team in the Olympic Winter Games at Chamonix, France, by 15 goals to three. There was some very good play, and this picture shows an exciting incident in the course of the match. On the ice a thick disc is used instead of a ball. Visitors showed very great interest in this game



The Clock that Sets the Time—The clock at Greenwich Observatory, from which many public clocks are set. Its tick is now being broadcast throughout England



The Old and the New—This quaint and picturesque windmill, said to be over a century old, stands at Thorpeness, in Suffolk, and is still at work pumping water into the new water-tower shown on the right. It is a striking example of a happy blending of the old and new



Millions of Oranges—A scene in the market-place of Valencia, Spain, from which millions of oranges are exported every year to England and other European countries. In one week recently 39 million oranges entered United Kingdom ports from various parts of the world

WHAT NATURE DOES WITH A DOZEN THINGS—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH

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